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Contents

The Week 336

Editorials

The Experts Speak 338
Organizing Prosperity 339
The Centralia Case Again 340

General Articles

MacDonald and Gandhi ..... H. N. Brailsford 342
How Canada Markets Its Wheat ... H. H. McIntyre 344
The Chinese Famine ..... Grover Clark 347
Jane Addams at Hull House .. Robert Morss Lovett 349
Poem ..... Frances M. Frost 351
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 351
The Philadelphia Lysistrata ..... Stark Young 352

Correspondence 353

Reviews of Books

Mencken on Religion ..... Hazelton Spencer 355
The Unthinkable War ..... Bruce Bliven 356
Nurses and Soldiers ..... Geoffrey T. Hellman 356
Edith Sitwell's Pope ..... Conrad Aiken 358
The Son of Apollo ..... Woodbridge Riley 359

The Week

THE expected has happened in India. Mr. Gandhi has been arrested under a statute 103 years old, according to which it is possible to keep him in prison indefinitely without bringing him to trial. In 1922, when he was arrested and sentenced to six years in prison, the British made the excuse that this was done to protect his life; he was in perfect health at the time, and two years later it was necessary to release him because he was about to die under the prison regime. This time, no such ridiculous plea has yet been made; Mr. Gandhi is frankly being locked up because the British are afraid to leave him free any longer. Only a few hours before his arrest, the Bombay European Association demanded that the government take a "firmer stand" and his arrest would seem to have been the answer to that request. The comment is often made that Mr. Gandhi forced the government to arrest him, and that there was nothing else for it to do. On the contrary, it could—and still can—follow the course suggested by The New Republic last week, and repeated independently in an article by the distinguished British journalist, H. N. Brailsford, written in London and published elsewhere in this issue. It can give a solemn pledge of Dominion status for India at a fixed date in the not too distant future, the interval to be used for working out the details of the transfer of authority. Even now, it is not too late for such an action. In a few weeks it may be, and India may be plunged into a violent revolution which, whatever the outcome, will cost thousands of lives.

THE good old Red bogey is to be taken out, dusted off and made to serve its purpose once again. Grover Whalen, New York Police Commissioner, has made public a group of documents which he says were stolen by his spies from the files of the American Communist party. These purport to show that money has been sent from Moscow to aid in strikes, "riots and disturbances," that the Amtorg, the Soviet trading agency, has been used in assisting these activities, that Boris Skvirsky, head of the Soviet Information Bureau in Washington, participated in them, and that communications have been forwarded to America through the Soviet embassies in western European countries which recognize Russia. Whether or not these documents are genuine The New Republic has no means of knowing. Their authenticity is denied by Peter A. Bogdanov, head of the Amtorg, and by Mr. Skvirsky, and persons familiar with the Russian language and with Soviet procedure point out several things which suggest that the documents are another group of forgeries like the Zinovieff letter, the Hearst Mexican documents, the Orloff letters and so many others.

WHETHER they are genuine or not seems to us, however, of little importance. Russian Communists are fanatics; it would be a miracle indeed if they refrained from propaganda activities, whatever their official positions, and for this reason the artificial distinction between the Soviet government and the Third International, which has been so carefully fostered, is an unreal one. For our part, we see no reason why they should not have as much right to argue their ideas as anyone else. Com-

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munism is not illegal in the United States; the party appears on the ballot in national elections. When the Communists "foment" strikes, they do so among wretchedly underpaid and overworked persons like the textile employees in the South; they make no headway among the high-wage groups. Whatever the amount of money that has been spent in propaganda in the past twelve years, it has been wasted. There is no evidence that the number of Communists in America is increasing, or is now more than a few thousand. The witch-hunting activities of Mr. Whalen, and of the professional patrioteers who are forever digging up revelations of the same sort, have given the Communists a false importance which would disappear if a common-sense attitude could be adopted toward them.

OFFICIAL scrutiny is about to be given to the investment trusts, some of whose undesirable practices were described in a recent series of articles by John T. Flynn in The New Republic. Assistant Attorney-General Watson Washburn of New York has sent a questionnaire to 250 trusts in that state, requiring them to disclose many important facts about their methods of doing business. According to Mr. Washburn, the findings will be studied for the purpose of comparing the operation of the sound trusts with those which have been subjected to criticism. A resolution will also be introduced in the United States Senate in the near future, with every probability of being adopted, calling for an investigation by a Senate committee of banking practice, with especial attention to the investment trusts. Readers of Mr. Flynn's articles are well aware how desirable these investigations are. While there are some trusts whose methods are sound, there are plenty of others engaged in practices which, even though they may be technically legal, are certainly against wise policy. The public is entitled to have the sheep separated from the goats, and to know whether new legislation, state or federal, is needed to protect the innocent investor.

THE letter from Joseph M. Dixon, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, to Walter H. Newton, Secretary to President Hoover, urging the appointment of Judge Parker to the Supreme Bench on the ground that it would be a "master political stroke at this time," in consolidating Southern Republican sentiment, illuminates the real reason why the appointment was a bad one. In spite of everything that may be said in reply to those who attack Judge Parker in the matter of the Red Jacket decision or his remarks about Negroes, there is precious little to account for his appointment except that it was dictated by party considerations. Attorney-General Mitchell has denied that the Dixon letter ever came to the attention of the President or was a factor in the recommendation of the Department of Justice. This may be literally true, yet it is impossible to believe that the same suggestion did not come from others or occur to the President independently. Nor does Mr. Mitchell's argument that it was appropriate to appoint another Southerner to succeed Justice Sanford seem very weighty. If the choice lay between equally able and distinguished candidates from different parts of the country, sectional considerations might rule, but it is foolish to appoint a less competent or desirable man simply because his presence at the Court would accord with territorial representation. It is far more important to strengthen the wisdom and liberality of the Court than to find a man from the South, the North, the East or the West. Nobody has had the face to maintain that out of all the judicial timber in the country, Judge Parker is the best qualified.

ON THE same day, the great central banks of the world all reduced their rediscount rates. In some cases the rates now prevailing are the lowest for many years. During a depression it is natural for rates to fall because of the slackened demand for credit. But there are several implications of this action which should not be overlooked. The first is that the depression is world-wide. This does not necessarily mean that its sources were not in the United States, but it does indicate that in discussing the business cycle we frequently have to deal with a world economy, not merely a national one. The second point is that the simultaneous action of the central banks can scarcely have been an accident. Apparently they are consulting one another and pursuing a common course, just as they have on other occasions in the recent past. The inference is that a world economy requires a world credit policy. And finally, their action in further reducing an already low scale of interest rates undoubtedly had a political aspect. It was done to help furnish a market for the impending issue of German reparation bonds under the Young Plan. Concerning the wisdom of allowing this consideration to exert such an influence there may be difference of opinion. The difference is not important now, but if it should happen that low interest rates lead to future speculation and inflation, the world may pay too heavy a price for enabling the payment of reparations.

GOVERNOR Cooper of Ohio, in assigning the blame for the prison disaster at Columbus, had to choose between two reports. One of them, submitted by the state fire marshal, asserts that the fire was incendiary, and implies that it was set by the convicts themselves. This belief may be right or wrong, but it has the air of being one of those whitewashing explanations that exonerate the living—especially if they hold office—and cast the blame on people who are conveniently dead. The other report, submitted by Attorney-General Bettman and his board of inquiry, is much more convincing. It ascribes the fire to defective wiring. It holds that the prison authorities had taken no steps

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to prepare for an emergency, that they were inexcusably slow in sounding the fire alarm and releasing the prisoners, and that they were directly responsible for the heavy loss of life. By implication, it seems to justify the prisoners in their revolt against Warden Thomas. No one need be surprised that Governor Cooper rejected this subversive document in favor of the fire marshal's report. It is so much more comforting to believe that 322 convicts destroyed themselves out of pure malice—that they died in order to embarrass a blameless warden and a noble Governor! We doubt, however, that the public will be much impressed by this happy explanation.

ACCORDING to a statement recently issued by the Haitian Patriotic Union, the Council of State at Port-au-Prince is about to renew the Rodenberg contract in regard to the Artibonite Valley. It is hard to believe that the American State Department will tolerate any such action. In 1927 the Haitian government with the approval of the American authorities, if not at their instigation, granted ex-Congressman Rodenberg an option on the right to irrigate and cultivate an area estimated to cover between 25,000 and 50,000 hectares in one of the richest valleys in Haiti. Even if there were no native farmers involved, this concession was altogether too large to give to a single holder. What is worse, the Artibonite Valley is thickly populated with native squatters whom Mr. Rodenberg could dispossess. His option expired in June, 1929, and apparently certain Americans wish to have it revived before the departure of the Marines. If they succeed in this attempt they will have destroyed much of the fine work of the Forbes Commission, which recommended that, in accordance with long-standing law in Haiti and in other Caribbean countries, foreigners should not be allowed to acquire land.

THE completion of the Turksib Railway, which connects the Trans-Siberian with the Central Asia line from the Caspian Sea after crossing 1,700 miles of mountain and steppe, will have important effects not only in Russia, but on American farmers as well. In the first place, it creates new competition for the cotton growers of the South. By opening up vast areas of cotton land in Russian Turkestan, it will, so the Soviets believe, completely free them from the necessity for cotton imports from America and Egypt, which now amount to $70,000,000 a year. In the second place, the wheat growers of the Northwest will also be affected. Russian Turkestan now grows part of the wheat it consumes, but buys the rest of it from the Ukraine, the Volga region and the northern Caucasus. In the future, all of its wheat is likely to come from central Siberia, which is too far from the seacoast to be considered as a source for world exports. The wheat formerly sent to Turkestan from European Russia and the Caucasus is, on the other hand, exportable wheat, and it will now be thrown on the world market, which is already oversupplied. Thus, owing to a railroad in central Asia, financed by the Soviets and built by a former Chicago anarchist, it appears that new difficulties will confront the Federal Farm Board in its effort to stabilize the American price of wheat.

The Experts Speak

WHEN Mr. Hoover was running for President, his friends said that he was an expert, and would be governed by the advice of experts. Research would be more important to him than playing politics. But there has been one important activity of his administration, at least tacitly sanctioned by him, in which the experts have waited in vain either to hear his decisive word or to be consulted. That is the upward revision of the tariff. At the last moment, the economists have decided to wait no longer. They have spoken; in unison and in no uncertain terms. They are against the kind of tariff bill which Congress threatens to give us. Congress may not listen. But what about Mr. Hoover? What will be his response?

Over a thousand economists from all sections of the country signed the open letter, telling in simple language why such a general tariff increase as is embodied in the Smoot-Hawley bill is undesirable. There is no problem in their field upon which economists exhibit a greater degree of unanimity. Probably not 5 percent of the recognized teachers or scholars of economics could be found to sanction upward revision. Certainly such a minority would include few, if any, of the leaders in economic thought. On this point there is agreement in all schools and divisions of the subject. Among the signers of the statement are followers of the classical doctrines and those who criticize the classical writers. There are theoreticians and specialists in quantitative research. There are university men, men attached to industry and experts for labor. There are Republicans and Democrats, conservatives and liberals, old men and young men. On this question the evidence is so overwhelming and the logic so unanswerable that essential diversity of opinion among the well informed is inconceivable. If Mr. Hoover ignores this considered statement of expert opinion, he will stultify himself as he could not stultify himself by any other action—short of the unthinkable act of becoming involved in downright dishonesty or corruption.

The argument of the letter will be familiar to readers of The New Republic—almost every point in it has been elaborated in our pages during the past two years. Increased duties present a huge bill to the consumer. They subsidize the wasteful or inefficient manufacturer and, if effective at all, give exorbitant profits to the efficient. Any bene-

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fits of the tariff, on the other hand, can go only to a small minority of the population, because there are so many who cannot possibly be protected. Those left out in the cold include not only the miners, the building trades, the transportation and public-utility workers, the professional people and most of those engaged in commerce, but the majority of farmers themselves, in whose behalf this tariff revision was ostensibly begun.

The more important farm products cannot be protected, because they are not imported. But the farmers would lose doubly by the increase: first, in common with all other consumers, second, by the obstruction which a tariff creates to foreign trade, since they depend so much on exports. Other exporting industries would also suffer. American manufacturers, in general, do not need additional protection, but would lose with the loss of foreign customers. Our investors abroad would be injured. Unemployment would not be alleviated by this restriction of trade. International friction would be increased by it.

A more damning indictment of a proposed national policy can scarcely be imagined. Surely Mr. Hoover is neither so stupid as not to understand it, nor so foolhardy as to accept the opinion of the Grundys and the Smoots in preference to that of the scholars. We venture to believe that he has all along been as familiar with these principles as the economists themselves. Why has he not exercised his power over Congress by declaring a sane program of the administration in the matter? Two excuses have been offered for him. One is that drawing up the actual bill is the business of Congress, not of the President; the other is that tariff relief was promised to the farmers in the campaign. Neither excuse will do.

For the President has spoken to Congress, in most emphatic terms, against one feature of the bill as it was passed by the Senate—the export debenture on agricultural products. He has recently reemphasized this opposition. If he can oppose the debenture, and exercise pressure to defeat it in Congress, why can he not oppose other specific clauses of the bill? Is it because he dares not flout powerful and rich campaign contributors as he does dare to flout the weakly organized and distressed farmers? Surely it is the height of the disingenuous to speak out in one case, while pretending in the other that he must sit back and take what Congress gives him. Moreover, as the economists point out, the increased duties will not provide real farm relief. The debenture is the only device which might make the tariff effective on the chief farm products. If that, or something akin to it, cannot offer to the farmers the same tariff benefits which protection gives to favored manufacturers, nothing can do so. When Mr. Hoover damns the debenture, there is double reason for him to condemn the bill as a whole. It is not true that he cannot attempt to dictate to Congress, for he has done so; it is not true that the bill must be made law in order to furnish promised farm relief, for the bill cannot furnish it.

If Mr. Hoover signs the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, he will have preferred second-rate politics to expert knowledge in the one important economic issue on which expert knowledge is virtually unanimous. If the consumers arise and vote against him and his administration because of the burdens which the Smoot-Hawley bill brings to them, he can no longer appeal for sanction to the better instructed sections of the community. He can no longer pretend to be a wise and able man, above the hullabaloo of demagoguery and the vicissitudes of private influence. He will have surrendered his chief claim to distinction.

Organizing Prosperity

PRESIDENT Hoover's address to the United States Chamber of Commerce is easy to assess below its true significance. We have become so accustomed, during the past four months, to optimistic buncombe from political sources in Washington, that we may take this for just another gesture from the cheer-leader. Mr. Hoover says on the first of May that things have been bad, but that they will be better now. The same thing was said in April, in March, in February. We begin to yawn at this sort of assurance, and note with a *macabre* glee that immediately after the statement the stock market had another sinking spell. Recovery will of course arrive some time; if it is predicted often enough the prediction will eventually be true. Meantime the words sound like the forced cheeriness of the sick room.

But that, after all, is not the real burden of the speech. If Mr. Hoover had only left it out, attention might have been paid to the more important things which are on his mind. Let us summarize these briefly.

The past few months have witnessed a great economic experiment. Private and public forces have for the first time in our history engaged in a coöperative effort "to stabilize economic forces; to mitigate the effects of the crash and shorten its destructive period."

This depression, like all others, was not a special dispensation of providence, but a consequence of the preceding boom. The contagion of speculation leads to a collapse. Many have believed that the alternation of boom and depression is not subject to intelligent control. But Mr. Hoover does not accept this fatalistic view. Something can be done to moderate the business cycle.

The inflation and speculation having already taken place, the immediate problem was to mitigate the effect of the crash. The effort to do this took the form of maintaining confidence so as to check panics in the markets for securities and commodities, to make available plenty of credit at low inter-

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est rates, to stimulate construction work so as to give a boost to production and employment, to prevent wage decreases and labor troubles. Mr. Hoover believes that this program has been successful. There have been no monetary panic or credit stringency and relatively few important failures; in that sense confidence has been sustained. Two billion dollars' worth of new securities have been floated since the crash. Construction work has been stimulated, in the field of public, utility and industrial building, to a volume about three times as great as in the first quarter of 1929. Residential building has, to be sure, lagged behind. There have been "no substantial reductions in wages" and no serious labor troubles. We do not know the facts about unemployment, but while it has been serious, the President believes it has passed its low point. As a result of these measures, he thinks recovery is much further advanced than it would have been without them.

All this, however, is only a start at the problem. We need to begin to prevent future trouble, instead of waiting to alleviate it after it comes again. Indeed, Mr. Hoover clearly intimates that a good deal of the credit for any lack of severity in the existing depression is due, not to anything done since it came upon us, but to institutions previously set up as a result of former bitter experiences, such as the Federal Reserve system with its control over credit, and the elaboration of statistical information which enabled business concerns so to regulate their affairs as not to get caught with large unsalable inventories.

As a result of the recent experience, new problems have emerged which require study. What causes the slack in residential construction? In stimulating the ownership of homes lies a great field for better use of the supply of capital. The Federal Reserve system, in spite of its contribution to a liquid credit supply, was unable to prevent disastrous speculation in stocks. What can be done about that? We need better current information about unemployment. Mr. Hoover hints cautiously at the necessity of developing a good system of employment exchanges.

To study these and other problems in order to recommend measures for the stabilization of industry in the future, the President proposes to organize a body representing business, economics, labor and agriculture. He will do so, he says, "when the situation clears a little," and "if such an exhaustive examination meets with general approval."

No President, to our knowledge, has ever before talked in this realistic way about such a major economic problem. The usual thing for a politician to do is to blame a depression upon some opposing party or group, and to claim all the credit for any favorable economic developments, whether or not the credit is deserved. Whatever one's disagreement in detail, and whatever one's view as to the efficacy of Mr. Hoover's intentions in this direction, the fact that a President has made such a speech is something of great significance in our history.

It is, of course, possible to say that the very speculation which Mr. Hoover now deplores was egged on in numerous ways by the preceding Republican administration of which he was a member, and on the basis of whose prosperity propaganda he was elected. It is possible to say that what he now sees in retrospect he should have foreseen, and that as a result of that foresight he should have acted earlier than he did, and so have aided to a far greater extent the prevention which is more efficacious than the cure. It is possible to doubt whether the sort of thing which Mr. Hoover proposes to do can be done, as he wants it done, by "individual initiative," which is only "in time of stress . . . mobilized for coöperative action." And, on the basis of Mr. Hoover's record, it is possible to think that if, in the effort to organize economic stability, he meets any opposition from powerful interests, he will fail to fight for the thing he believes.

The New Republic has criticized Mr. Hoover severely for failings of this kind; it does so in another editorial in the present issue; it expects to be obliged to do so in the future. Nevertheless we must not, on that account, refuse to recognize the great importance of the type of endeavor described and foreshadowed in this address. It is a potentiality in American life which ought to be fully explored; it can be explored under good leadership. We sincerely hope that Mr. Hoover will in action live up to the implications of what he has here said, that he will furnish the leadership which is required.

The Centralia Case Again

OF ALL the unliquidated injustices of wartime hysteria against radicals in the United States, the Mooney case and the Centralia affair are the two worst. Mooney and Billings remain in prison under life sentence against the protest of every lover of justice who has any knowledge of the facts. The Centralia victims are also continuing to pay a penalty, which should never have been meted out to them, for action taken in self-defense when their lives were in desperate peril. As to this case, there are some important new developments which have received little attention in the daily press.

The chief of these is that Loren Roberts, one of the eight men who have been in prison for the past ten years as the aftermath of Centralia, has lately been pronounced sane by a jury which recommended his release after he had for a decade been legally considered insane. The state of Washington, however, has given notice of its intention to appeal from this verdict, and he remains in the penitentiary, although he has never been convicted of a crime. Roberts, it will be remembered, was tried with ten others in 1920 for the killing of Lieutenant Warren O. Grimm, being accused of conspiracy to com-

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mit murder in the first degree. The state charged that members of the Industrial Workers of the World fired upon American Legionnaires in a peaceful parade; but the defense contended that they had full right to fire because the soldiers were unlawfully attacking the I. W. W. hall. Two defendants were acquitted. Five were found guilty of second-degree murder, and two of murder in the third degree—but when the judge explained that there was no such crime as the latter, the jury reconsidered and changed its verdict against the two to second degree. It found Roberts insane. Seven men received a twenty-five-to-forty-year prison sentence. Roberts was put into the state hospital for the insane, but in a few weeks was transferred to the penitentiary in Walla Walla, where he has been confined ever since, despite all efforts to free him.

His recent trial was held in the same courtroom in Montesano where the murder charge was tried. Strenuous opposition to his release was interposed by W. H. Grimm, prosecutor for Lewis County (which includes Centralia), and brother of the lieutenant who was slain. Grimm stated that he would not try to prove Roberts insane, but would show that he had always been sane. Superior Court Judge W. R. Campbell ruled, however, that both court and jury must accept Roberts as insane at the time of the riot, as the murder jury had adjudged him so. After hearing the evidence, the jury took only fifteen minutes to decide that he had regained his sanity and that he could safely be released. Roberts' mother was in court, and thanked the jurors tearfully. She supposed the verdict meant that her son could go home with her, and was dazed to learn that he would not be freed just yet, but must return to prison until the state could think up additional reasons for keeping him behind bars.

Pressure upon Governor Roland H. Hartley for the liberation of all the Centralia men has steadily increased in recent months. For a year and a half their friends have pleaded for them at parole-board meetings, and the Governor has attended at least two of those meetings, listening to the argument but uttering no comment. Petitions signed by 2,020 residents of Centralia have urged him to sign a commutation—a large number, considering that the town has only 3,000 registered voters. At its last convention, the State Federation of Labor voted unanimously to ask Hartley to grant executive clemency to the eight. Captain Edward P. Coll, a member of the American Legion, who lives in Seattle, has spent many weeks in going over the Centralia case record and interviewing jurors and witnesses, and has addressed audiences throughout the state, declaring his belief that the imprisoned laborites are innocent. Last July, the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion in New York City passed a resolution asking Paul V. McNutt, national commander, to appoint a committee to inquire into all phases of the case. McNutt took no action on this request, but it is known from dependable sources that the Centralia affair has aroused much turmoil inside the Legion; it is the bogey of every convention held by the order in the state of Washington.

As early as 1922, two jurors, W. W. Inmon and E. E. Sweitzer, made affidavits revealing that the second-degree murder verdict was a compromise; they agreed to it because they feared a disagreement would mean lynching. Five other jurors subsequently signed similar affidavits, each bringing out new details of corroboration. Five of the seven have visited the Governor, pleading for freedom for the convicted men. They declared that if everything now known to them had been presented at the trial they would have voted for an acquittal. Judge John M. Wilson, who presided then, refused to admit a mass of evidence offered by the defense to prove that numerous Centralia business men met in the Elks' Club on October 20, 1919, and conspired to raid the I. W. W. hall on Armistice Day and run the "Wobblies" out of town. The jury, chosen in a town fifty miles from the scene of the riot, was not permitted to know that the I. W. W. secretary had appealed in vain to the police for protection against the planned raid, nor that leaflets protesting against the threatened violence and calling on the citizens for a square deal were distributed all over Centralia shortly before November 11. The court took the position that the defense had failed to show convincingly that Lieutenant Grimm was in this conspiracy.

The wartime antagonism to radicals was more bitter on the Pacific Coast than in almost any other part of the country, largely, no doubt, because of the labor troubles which for years had centered about the members of the I. W. W. This antagonism has lingered longer there than anywhere else; but there have been signs, during the past year or two, that it was abating somewhat. If the citizens of California and Washington could be made to realize the stain upon the honor of their states which is caused by the continuance of such injustice, pressure would soon be brought to bear upon Governors Young and Hartley which they could not long withstand.

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MacDonald and Gandhi

THE BRITISH Empire is engaged in a duel, in which no compromise seems possible, with the noblest and most influential personal force in the world. It has flung into its prisons the sons of Mahatma Gandhi, many of his lieutenants, hundreds of his followers.[1] These are all good men, idealists of a spirituality very rare in our modern world, filled with a devoted spirit of self-sacrifice and service, perhaps the finest citizens that India has bred. They have infringed no moral law: they have harmed no fellow man. Their offense is technical. Theirs is a symbolical rebellion.

The government which has thrown these people into prison itself professes an idealism of its own. It is a Labor government, and its leaders call themselves Socialists. Out of office, they combated imperialism and stood for freedom in India. Since they took office they have made promises to India which showed both vision and courage. How have they become involved in this duel? "How," asks one American reader, disposed to venerate the saint in Mr. Gandhi, and to respect the pacific democrat in Mr. MacDonald, "how, pray, do you explain this clash, how excuse the illiberal conduct which these arrests display?"

One deplores this clash; one dreads its consequences; one feels in it a violation of all one's instincts. But to call this a merely symbolical rebellion is surely to be simple-minded. One smiles at the innocence of these Indians, whose whole offense is that they have boiled sea water to obtain salt. But the salt monopoly is an important source of revenue; if it disappears there will be a deficit, and some alternative tax. But for that Mr. Gandhi is preparing. Has he not already induced hundreds of the village "headmen," responsible for the collection of the main revenue from land, to resign their offices? Saints are sometimes shrewd tacticians, and Mr. Gandhi makes no secret of his intention, gradually and by a crescendo of calculated acts, to disorganize the whole mechanism of British rule in India. It was clever to begin by challenging the salt monopoly. Taxes on salt are always detested by peasants: was it not a salt monopoly which brought down the monarchy in France? The picketing of toddy shops makes an even more direct moral appeal. But can any government allow its revenues to be sapped, its agents to be seduced from their allegiance, its authority to be defied, without an answer?

"A symbolical rebellion," did you say? It began with a frank and open declaration of independence. The temperature of the masses rose. It required only a few weeks to demonstrate that the lofty spirituality of Mr. Gandhi is as far above that of the average man in an Indian crowd as it is above the moral level of Wall Street or the London Stock Exchange. The mob of an Indian city is as far below the Tolstoyan heights of non-resistance as the average Anglo-Saxon. Soon there were bloody riots in Karachi and Calcutta, and in the latter town the crowd improvised its barricades of blazing trolley cars across the streets. The police (doubtless under instructions) showed astonishing self-control, and yet there was bloodshed—chiefly among the Europeans and the police. Hard on these events came an open act of war—an attack, skillfully planned and boldly executed, by armed insurgents upon the arsenal of the port of Chittagong. That, at least, was no symbolical rebellion. There happened what the Viceroy predicted in his letter of warning to Mr. Gandhi. He lit the thin spiritual flame on the altars of faith. Others spread the ravaging conflagration. He called to heaven for independence. Others will plunge through hell to win it. He made the moral atmosphere of rebellion. Others will supply the stores and the barricades, the revolvers and the Lewis guns.

What in the face of such a situation is a British government, even a Labor government, to do? It must seek a political solution, promptly and with generosity. It must keep its cool ability to think, even when guns go off and blood flows. It must never forget, even if it should, in the end, imprison him, that Mr. Gandhi stands for the unflinching application of its own principles. It might be wise to turn a blind eye and a deaf ear on verbal and symbolical defiance. It must be a courteous host to its prisoners. It must require its police and its troops to endure provocation and even physical injury before, in the last resort, to avert bloody anarchy, they fire. But when all this is said, it has the ordinary duty of every administration. It must preserve order. It must maintain the usual services of civilization, which, in their turn, demand revenue. In short, it must govern.

"You do not see the necessity? You suggest that there is an alternative?" It may walk out, "bag and baggage," as Mr. Gladstone used to say to the Turks in Europe. It may capitulate to Mr. Gandhi's demand for instant and unqualified independence.

Let us examine this demand. From whom does it come? It comes from the National Congress, a loosely organized, loosely elected party convention. The vote was of 114 committeemen against 77. Outside this Congress are the Moslems (one-third of the whole population), the people of the Native States (one-fourth), the influential Liberal party, the organized, depressed castes, and, in some sense,

[1] Since Mr. Brailsford wrote his article, the government has arrested Mr. Gandhi, who is to be "detained indefinitely."

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the Sikhs. All have their discontents; all call for an advance to self-government, but not for independence. It is impossible that Mr. Gandhi, speaking for three-fifths of the Hindu Congress party, can be voicing the will of the majority of the Indian population.

That might be answer enough, but again, on its side, the Labor government, even were it in its heart convinced of the rightness of this demand, could not grant it. It would be instantly disavowed by the majority of the British Parliament. Finally, to complete the answer, there is no sane or responsible member of the British Labor party who believes that in the interests of mankind as a whole immediate independence would be either possible or desirable. If the world had first been disarmed, India might survive without a navy or a modern army. If the League of Nations were a federal world republic, she might find aid and peace within it. If she possessed an experienced native civil service, an army trained to obey native commanders, religions which had learned to tolerate each other, and finally, if the mass of her population had passed through the common school, she might escape the chaos into which the Chinese Republic has fallen. Today, common sense rejects this claim, which a minority has addressed to a minority.

If, then, the Labor government cannot yield to Mr. Gandhi's demand, and must, even against him, maintain order, the test of its conduct is narrowed. What has it done to find a political solution for this clash of idealism against order? For India's self-respect will not, and ought not to, endure direct alien rule much longer.

The Labor government inherited a nearly hopeless situation. Lord Birkenhead, with incredible tactlessness, had appointed, under Sir John Simon, a purely English commission to report on India's fitness for self-government, and to draft the reforms which all admitted to be necessary. Inevitably, Indians, including the moderate Liberals, resented the insult: invariably they boycotted the commission. From this sullen and silent India it returned, searching for some fresh start. Labor, meanwhile, had taken office. With the help of Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, a Tory, but a Tory of the Left, a new departure was found, in consultation with the new Secretary for India, Mr. Benn. A proclamation was issued which repeated that Dominion status was the goal of British policy, and the offer at last was made of a round-table conference, representing British Indians, the Native States and the British government, to make recommendations for the future. It would have the Simon report before it, and any report which responsible Indians might submit. It wanted some courage to inaugurate this new departure. It was made under the threat of passive resistance from the Congress. It involved an open confession of Lord Birkenhead's error. It was, in fact, assailed by that nobleman, by Lord Reading (the last Liberal Viceroy), by a part of the Tory press, and even by Mr. Lloyd George, as a weak concession, liable to misconstruction.

For a moment it seemed that all India was impressed by the generosity of this gesture. The Congress leaders, including Mr. Gandhi, welcomed it, though not without some reservations, in a manifesto. Their second thoughts were less friendly. The promise, after all, was not dated. The Dominion status might content them if it were to be granted at once, but even in the Labor party there was talk of a transition period. Outside it, did Tories and Liberals mean more than a vague promise for a distant future? Pondering on these things, Mr. Gandhi was obliged to scrutinize his own party also. The most gifted of its younger leaders, Mr. Nehru, Jr., would not flinch from the uncompromising demand for independence. The League of Youth, strong in Bengal, with a brilliant firebrand of the Bose clan at its head, stood equally for independence, and meant to win it by violence. If he accepted the promise of Dominion status, would he not split the National party, and would not the Left, emancipated from his control, fling itself into violent courses? Let the Moderates attend the round-table conference; that is their *métier*. Should they get Dominion status at once all might still be well. Their chances would be brighter if the pressure of his agitation were behind them. So Mr. Gandhi may have reasoned. Congress met, and he proclaimed independence by non-violence. If these were Mr. Gandhi's tactics they failed. The violent party of youth walked out and slammed the door of the Congress behind it. It has since taken car for Chittagong. United Indians may be in discontent; in aim and in method they are divided. Some boil sea water; others seize arms. Others, again, will go to London to talk.

Hope centers, then, on these coming conferences in London. How much India may hope from them we shall be better able to judge when the findings of the Simon commission are published. What, you will ask, would content sober Indian opinion? I think that the provinces, more important in the future structure of India than are the states in the American Union, must have responsible government without qualification or delay. Some immediate advance there must be at the center of the future federation, but it is inevitable that for a period certain services, chiefly police and defense, must remain under British control. How could it be otherwise? The civil service is still in its higher ranks mainly British. The higher command of the army is wholly, and the more scientific arms mainly, British. Even the civilian police is under British officers. However rapidly Indians are trained, some years must pass before these vital services can be Indianized. Till that is done, one cannot talk of full Dominion status. But an act should provide for its grant by stages, within a fixed term, and without the humiliation of further inquiries. This status confers, be it remembered, the standing of a sovereign state, the control of its armed forces,

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absolute fiscal independence, including the levying of tariffs against the United Kingdom, nay, even (as Canada, South Africa and Ireland maintain) the right to be neutral when the Empire is at war. This is independence, qualified only by a rarely used right of appeal on points of law to the Privy Council, and by a nominal recognition of the vague headship of the King-Emperor. In practice it involves consultation on external policy as an equal and unfettered member of a loose federation of allies. So much, left to itself, the Labor party would concede, and that within a brief period—perhaps ten, perhaps fifteen, years. With this moderate Indians would be content. But not the younger Nehru, nor the League of Youth. Would it satisfy Mr. Gandhi? That is doubtful.

A minority sues for justice to a minority. There lies one peril. Some months will pass before these talks can begin, and they may drag more slowly than the naval conference. What, in the interval, will happen in India? And how far will the other parties permit the Labor government to travel on the road which it would wish to follow? There must be limits to the readiness of an honest party to assume the odious tasks of the policeman unless it has the assurance that it can, in the end, offer in an acceptable form its own political solution. The future is as perilous as it is unpredictable, and the test of the quality of the Labor government is yet to come. It has done nothing yet to earn the frowns of Liberals in other lands. May its record stand equally clean when this testing year is over!

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

How Canada Markets Its Wheat

The Third Contribution to the Symposium, "Hard Times for Farmers"

CANADA pours more wheat into the vortex of the world's exportable surplus than any other country: in 1928 her contribution was about 40 percent. Conversely, wheat and coarse grains are the backbone of Canada's external trade. Out of her total exports in 1928 of $1,288,000,000, considerably more than half came from her farms, and wheat and flour alone accounted for $412,000,000. The wheat crop is the big news of Canada's daily press. The repercussions of the wheat market are felt by the retailer, the wholesaler, the manufacturer, and the whole rank and file of labor, from the stenographer in a business office to the fireman on a Western freight.

That the most revolutionary change of method in the whole field of commerce should take place in the marketing of Canada's wheat is arresting; that the change should be brought about by the voluntary action of over half the growers on the Western plains in contracting to deliver all their wheat to a single coöperative agency for a period of years is astonishing; that the Wheat Pool, with an average turnover in 1928 of more than a million dollars a day, is Canada's largest commercial concern outside of the Dominion government itself, and that it is actually and absolutely a sound business organization, is beyond comprehension to a great many people. To some the thing is simply incredible; others—a goodly number of whom are to be found in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the Wall Street of Canada's grain trade—hold that the thing, even yet, just can't be done.

Much has been written about it. In adding to the volume, I hope I am adding to the sum total of information concerning the Wheat Pool. I am a contract holder in the pool. I have served as a minor officer on the firing line since the pool was organized. Living in the heart of an excellent grain-growing district among other growers, some of whom are pool men and some of whom are not, I am in a position, I think, to give voice to a shade of opinion that is usually overlooked in articles on the subject.

Ever since the Western farmer has grown wheat he has naturally been interested in the price he received for it. He has always been told that this price was regulated by supply and demand. He has, however, never been able to associate supply and demand with the fluctuations of the market. Just what there is about supply and demand that knocks the bottom out of the market for a drop of thirty cents in the course of a week, and then in the next two weeks boosts the price probably seventy cents from the low point, is rather hard to see. Like the recent Wall Street debacle, which the wheat market greatly resembles at times, there may be rhyme to market fluctuations but there is no reason in the light of supply and demand.

The grain grower was not, as a rule, versed in the workings of the option market, but he reasoned that speculation and manipulation had more to do with market fluctuations than had supply and demand, and also that he was apt to receive the lean end of the fluctuations when he sold his wheat. In any case there was no way for him, at any given time, to know whether or not he was being paid a fair price. A well founded suspicion that speculation between the producer and the consumer was

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of no benefit to either of them was the first reason for the organization of the Canada Wheat Pool.

Consider the case of a farmer with a carload or more of wheat. There were before the pool came into existence, and there are today outside of the pool, several ways in which to market it. He might, for example, deliver it to the local elevator, have it placed in a special bin, and then, if he was able to agree with the operator on grade and dockage, sell it on the basis of "track price," which is usually close to the closing quotation for the day. Again, he might have the operator load and ship the wheat as his agent. By so doing, the grower sold when he wished on the basis of grade and dockage established by the federal government grain-inspection officer, whose men took samples from the car en route or when it was unloaded at the head of the Great Lakes. Under either system, he took the elevator operator's weights—and, since operators were held responsible for any shortage, they had a very natural tendency to protect themselves. A similar difficulty prevailed in grading and dockage. A few operators were dishonest; others were careless; and often the farmer had good reason to believe that the grade and dockage he received were for grain which he never grew. He might protect himself, however—if he had as much as a carload of grain—by adopting a third method. He might scoop the grain directly from his wagon into the car on the siding, ship it to any commission firm, and sell it when he wished on the basis of government weight, as well as government grade and dockage.

The farmer with less than a carload, before the advent of the pool, was not so fortunate. He had no option but to sell his wheat by the load and accept the grade and price offered. Wheat sold by the load in this way is called "street wheat," and its quoted price is always some cents lower than track price. The spread between track and street wheat has been as high as from twelve to fourteen cents, and perhaps even higher. In a newly settled district I have seen as many as thirty teams waiting their turn at the elevator. Probably twenty-five of them had wheat of similar grade, which the operator put all in one bin and paid for on the basis of street price. On this particular day, it was eight cents under track. Thus, for having only a small quantity of wheat, regardless of its quality, the grower was penalized eight cents per bushel. This was before the Wheat Pool was organized. Since then, the pool in its own elevators has eliminated this form of racketeering by doing away with the spread entirely, and by giving the same treatment to the man with a single wagonload as to his neighbor who has several carloads.

The grain-commission merchants, whose offices are mostly in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, are organized under the name of the North West Grain Dealers. This organization claims for its system the advantages of competition, and competition has its virtues. Yet at one point where six country elevators are owned and operated by as many grain companies, the price offered on a given day will not vary so much as an eighth of a cent among the lot on any grade of grain. The prices are set by the North West Grain Dealers, an organization which exists for the purpose of killing competition among its members. The system is monopolistic rather than competitive, and half the farmers of Canada's wheat country have decided that if there is to be a monopoly it should be operated by and for themselves.

In 1919, under stress of war and the necessity of handling foodstuffs with the greatest possible efficiency, there was created the Canada Wheat Board, which had a monopoly of Canada's wheat and operated to the entire exclusion of the option or future market. The farmer was paid a substantial initial payment on delivery and was given participation certificates for the balance. Later he was given an interim payment, and when the crop was all disposed of he received a final payment. The success of the Wheat Board showed the way. It demonstrated that the option-market idea was a joke; it showed that under proper organization it was possible to market Canada's wheat crop and average the proceeds to the growers according to the quantity and quality each contributed; it showed how the whole crop could be financed by making an initial payment; it removed the speculative element and generally satisfied the farmers.

To a member of the Canada Wheat Board, Mr. H. W. Wood, president of the United Farmers of Alberta, belongs the credit for the foundation of the Canada Wheat Pool. Mr. Wood, a former resident of Missouri, is an ordinary Western farmer with an extraordinary and very practical mind. It was he who saw the possibilities of coördinating the experience of the Wheat Board with that of successful coöperatives elsewhere and in other commodities; it was he who developed the plan that has held the interest and confidence of the wheat growers, and who put it into operation in Alberta.

In a general way the physical organization of the Wheat Pool is really very simple. There are, first, the provincial pools, one for each province, and second, the Canada Wheat Pool. The provincial pools are responsible for acquiring members and for the delivery of the grain to the Canada Wheat Pool, which is a central selling agency. Thus, the Manitoba pool is responsible for the membership within its boundaries and for the delivery of the wheat within the province to the Canada Wheat Pool. The Manitoba pool is also responsible for making returns to its members when the central selling agency turns the money over to it. Each of the coarse grains is pooled separately, although the one contract covers them all. There is, of course, a separate contract for wheat. Wheat and coarse grains are all handled by the wheat pools. A

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grower may become a member of the pool by signing either a wheat or a coarse-grain contract, or both. Growers' contracts, as they are called, were formerly drawn for five years; they are now drawn in perpetuity with a five-year withdrawal privilege. The faith the members have in their pools was amply demonstrated when practically 100 percent of the first contracts to expire were renewed.

Each member is a shareholder in the company to the extent of one share, non-assessable and non-dividend-producing, for which he paid one dollar—a formality necessary to give the company legal standing. The Manitoba pool (the other provincial pools follow the same principle) is organized on the basis of rural municipalities: the pool members within a municipality constitute a local which takes the name of the municipality. Each local elects a board annually, and also delegates, according to the number of its members, to attend the annual convention. This convention determines the policy of the pool and elects the directorate for the year. Three directors from each of the provincial pools constitute the directorate of the Canada Wheat Pool. In this manner, the marketing of wheat in Canada becomes a practical application of democracy.

The business is financed through regular banking channels; the wheat is used as security. Thus, the members of the pool actually own, control and finance their own marketing organization. The secret of financing a coöperative marketing concern is the initial payment. The banks, under present arrangements, demand a margin of fifteen cents per bushel on advances, based on the quotations on the open market. The amount of the initial payment is set, in advance of the crop season, at a point which seems safe from the point of view both of the banks and of the pool. Since the beginning, the figure has been $1 per bushel for wheat. On one occasion, however—in 1928—the open market went down to $1.06, and the pool reduced the initial payment to $.85.

Under the usual practice, the grower receives an interim payment in March, another interim payment in August, and the final settlement when the pool has disposed of the year's crop. It will be noted that interim payments are made in March, just before seeding, and in August at harvest time—two seasons when the grower often needs money.

When the pool was first organized, it had to make use of existing facilities—country and terminal elevators—for the physical handling of the grain. This was done through an arrangement with the North West Grain Dealers. However, the advantage to the pool of having its own facilities was evident from the beginning, and a fund for their purchase was authorized at the first annual meeting. Progress in this respect has been rapid, and while pool-owned country elevators are not yet available to all members, the time is not far distant when the service will be complete as far as is practicable.

The virtues of the pooling system are legion. That the grower should control the marketing of his grain is as it should be, and the principle of service at cost is sound. Under the so-called "competitive" system, the object of those who handle the grain between producer and consumer is to get as much as possible for themselves—a procedure which is, of course, just ordinary good business. In the pool the object is the same. The difference is that in one case an outsider, and in the other the grower himself, reaps the benefit.

Aaron Sapiro, the great evangelist of coöperation, who rendered such useful service in the organization of the Wheat Pool, made a speech in Saskatchewan last fall in which he very ungraciously described the non-pool farmer as the umbrellaless man seeking shelter from the rain by sneaking under the umbrella of the man who obtained one by his own efforts. It is true that many non-poolers feel that the pool has a stabilizing influence on the market, and that this is to their advantage. This fact, however, is no reason for censuring them. They have stayed out of the pool because of what they regard as shortcomings in the pool itself and because they are intolerant of its more radical members.

Considering the pool's good record, the 100-percent pool sounds well from a platform and looks well on paper. But there would almost inevitably be a tendency, in this case, to substitute compulsion for coöperation. Then, too, there are many—and they are by no means all outside the pool—who think that it is big enough, who feel that competition is a good thing for the pool and that it might lose its aggressiveness without some external force to keep it forever on the job.

As for the present members, it would be unreasonable to expect them always to be satisfied with the actions of their executives or with the prices they receive for their grain. When, in 1928, the initial payment was reduced from one dollar to eighty-five cents per bushel, the growers were outraged. The reason for the reduction, as previously mentioned, was a drop in the price on the open market which swept away the margin of fifteen cents necessarily maintained above the advance made by the banks. It was felt—and subsequent happenings bore out this feeling—that the pool was too ready to knuckle down to the bankers; that it was an institution sound enough to be able to finance itself elsewhere under the circumstances, and that it could have avoided cutting the initial payment to the growers so drastically. The growers thought much and said little until the proper time, which was the annual meeting of the locals in 1929. The questions presented by the locals to the general annual meeting of the company brought forth resolutions ranging all the way from the suggestion that the pool itself issue legal tender to the suggestion that it purchase one of the banks!

During the past few months, the press has car-

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ried much comment on the fact that the pool is a heavy holder of wheat this year. The marketing of the 1928 crop, which was unusually large, has covered one of the most difficult periods the pool has yet experienced. As a matter of fact, the final payment on the 1928 wheat had not yet been issued in December, 1929. This indicated that the crop probably was not all sold at that time.

Two things about the situation are quite unusual. The wheat held by the pool is actual wheat; and it is being held by the growers themselves. Ordinarily the wheat is dumped on the market and the "trade" speculates in futures: what they trade in is paper wheat, and the benefits, if any, accrue to persons dealing between the producer and the consumer. That the pool, by keeping an enormous amount of actual wheat off the market, has held and is still holding up the price, there can be no doubt. The unfortunate feature of the situation is that the pool is thus creating a fair market for its competitors. Therein, too, lies the danger. It has happened before, in other pools, that a market so created was taken advantage of by others, with the result that when the pool got ready to sell, the demand was satisfied and the pool was left holding the bag. If the Canada Wheat Pool controlled more volume, its position would be stronger.

The reaction of the grower to the policy of holding wheat must be great encouragement to those within the organization who are taking the responsibility. The individual grower is proud of the fact that he is able to hold his wheat against the world, and he has faith that those to whom his wheat is entrusted are using the best judgment they possess. He feels—and the non-pooler also realizes—that were it not for the pool, a lot of wheat during the past twelve months would have been sold for probably less than a dollar a bushel. The pool with the worst of luck cannot do worse than that.

Having decided to pursue a certain course, the farmer of the Canadian West is hard to turn. Something like 57 percent of the grain growers have decided to pool their wheat, and with bulldog tenacity they are going to see it through. Meanwhile, the non-poolers, slowly but surely signing Wheat Pool contracts, remind one of a British statesman's phrase, "the inevitableness of gradualness."

H. H. McINTYRE.

In the fourth contribution to this symposium on "Hard Times for Farmers," Mr. Arthur P. Chew will show that unemployment is as real and pressing a problem in agriculture as it is in American industry.—THE EDITORS.

The Chinese Famine

WHEN AN area half as large as the United States gets only a very small fraction of normal rainfall for two full years; when that region is populated by people who at best have little in the way of surplus food supplies to carry them over periods of crop failure; when in parts of that region most of the very small reserves which the people possessed have been destroyed or consumed by a more or less undisciplined soldiery and by semi-bandit gangs; when the transportation facilities are so limited that even under the best of conditions no overwhelmingly large quantities of food can be moved from areas where it is abundant to these drought-stricken regions—when all these factors combine, then famine is as certain as is the failure of the wheat to grow when the rains fail and there is no irrigation.

These are precisely the conditions which obtained for two full years over most of the vast Yellow River basin in China. The spring of 1927 saw good crops throughout practically all of this area, stretching from the Yellow Sea on the east back nearly 2,000 miles to the farther end of Kansu on the west, in a belt varying from 300 to 700 miles in width. The next even moderately good crops, except for relatively small and isolated areas, followed the coming of the rains in the summer of 1929 in the lower half of the Yellow River basin. In the upper half of that basin, again except for small areas, the rains did not come in really effective amounts even in the summer of 1929. This meant that over an area almost as large as that between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River in the United States, for the third consecutive growing season, only very small crops could be obtained, and in some fairly large portions of this area there were no crops at all.

This long continued drought is the basic cause of the famine, which began to take on serious proportions early in 1928, continued in half of the Yellow River basin until the autumn crops of 1929, and still is taking its appalling toll of human life in China's vast northwest. Military disturbances, incidental to the quarreling of the various chieftains for self-preservation or power, unquestionably contributed to the severity of the effects of the drought. But they were not the primary cause—as is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that, while military disturbances have been considerably worse in the Yangtze valley and southern China than in the north, there has been no famine there because there has been no drought.

At least 5,000,000 people have died as a direct result of this famine in northern China. At least another 2,000,000 will be dead before the next crops come in. In other words, if every man,

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woman and child in the whole Greater New York area were to starve to death, the loss of life would be no greater than this famine has brought in China. It will kill more than half as many people as the Great War killed in Europe. The Russian famine took nothing like the toll in human life that this one is taking.

All of this is terrible enough to read about. But it is infinitely more terrible to see—as I have seen it this past autumn and winter during a trip into the famine areas of northwestern China. To find most of the people barely able to walk; to see the bodies of those who had starved to death dumped into holes or trenches because there were so many that burying was impossible; to see once prosperous villages reduced to stark and roofless walls because the people had torn the timbers out to sell for a bit of money with which to buy food; to see one or two dazedly apathetic people left out of a large family, and these with nothing to eat but a few handfuls of boiled-up weeds and chaff; to have parents time after time get down on their knees to one, begging, not for food for themselves, but for one to take their children and feed them—to go through such experiences is to glimpse something of what famine really means. And then to think that such conditions are repeated in village after village, city after city, over hundreds and even thousands of square miles—well, one tries not to think of such things.

The first impulse of the normal human being, after seeing or reading of such conditions, is to rush at once to do what he can to help put food into the mouths of these starving men, women and children, so that as many as possible may be kept alive. While it is impossible to provide food for all those who are starving, some can be helped—and the more money there is, the more can be saved. Food is to be had in China from areas which have good crops; grain can be moved, by railway, by motor truck, by cart, by wheelbarrow, even on the backs of famine victims who, by carrying this grain, can earn food for themselves and help feed others. Bandits do not interfere with the relief workers; the officials coöperate. Soup kitchens can be and are being operated; grain can be and is being distributed free; refuges for famine victims, particularly for the children, can be and are being maintained. As emergency measures, and to meet immediate, urgent need, these and similar methods of what is called in relief parlance "direct free relief" are being used to save lives. Considering only the immediate need, with no thought of what is later to become of the people who are kept alive, and with no thought of the longer future when new droughts may come and bring new famines, these are the most effective means of saving lives immediately with money given for relief work.

Yet these other considerations are vitally important. When one knows the vast numbers that are dying for lack of food, and knows, too, that with the money available, at best only a part of these can be kept alive; when one realizes that people kept alive by providing the bare subsistence rations of soup kitchens come through the famine pauperized and in such poor condition that they cannot resume their normal work on their farms; when one knows that in ten or fifteen years, or perhaps in a shorter time, another drought and another famine are likely to come with nothing accomplished toward preventing this future famine or making relief work easier, one wonders whether the soup-kitchen type of relief really represents the most effective use of the money. Can it not be used in some way which will save lives immediately, while at the same time bringing the people through in better condition and accomplishing something to prevent famines in the future? In other words, is not relief-and-prevention, if the combination is possible, more worth while in the long run than simply straight relief?

If the choice were between saving a large number of lives immediately and saving no lives at all, or only a very few, while working for the longer future, then obviously all the money contributed for famine relief should be used for immediate life saving.

But this is not the choice. Experience in famines in China, going back to the famine of 1920-21, has shown conclusively that it is possible to save almost as many lives immediately—from 80 to 90 percent as many, depending on local conditions—by using famine-relief funds for providing work on various sorts of famine-preventive undertakings in the stricken areas as by putting the money exclusively into direct free relief. Experience has shown, too, that even exclusively in terms of saving lives much more is accomplished, in a comparatively short time, by using relief money to provide work on an irrigation system, for example, than by putting it into soup kitchens alone. Once the irrigation system is completed, there will be no more famines.

Another point needs consideration. It is impossible, even by the soup-kitchen method, to save all the starving. There must be some sort of selection—and it is a horrible responsibility, that of deciding which of these thousands are to be fed and which left to die. Obviously the basis of selection should be the potential future usefulness of those who are saved; at best, it is a cruel choice which must be made. And, in general, those who are ready and able to work for the relief food which they get for themselves and their families would seem to be potentially more useful than those who seek simply to have food given them. Hence, in making the inevitable choice, there is strong reason for providing the relief through providing work, utilizing the famine victims who are ready to

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work and paying them in food for themselves and their families—the method followed in relief-and-prevention projects such as road building, dike construction, irrigation undertakings or well digging.

Yet, if money be given for famine relief in China because of an appeal made in terms of the immediate and urgent need for saving lives, it may seem that to use any of the money so given in any other way than to save as many lives as possible, immediately and without reference to the future, is to divert it from its proper function.

This is the problem which has faced those concerned with the Chinese relief work carried out with money contributed from the United States during the present famine. This money has been given generously; more than $1,000,000 has been contributed in the last two years. It has been given in response to appeals for help in the urgent crisis. And yet, of the men and women concerned with the use to be made of these American gifts, practically all of those who have had actual famine-relief experience in China are agreed on one point. They feel strongly that the money would be much more constructively effective if put into relief-and-prevention undertakings, wherever these are practicable, than it would be if devoted to direct free relief. They do not advocate stopping the free relief entirely, but they hold that it should be largely replaced by relief of a more constructive type.

Are those responsible for the administration of these gifts justified in using even part of the money for relief-and-prevention undertakings? There has been not a little disagreement among those concerned over the answer to that question. One side has argued that because the appeal for gifts has been strongly on the "Save a Life Now" basis, all the money must go directly into immediate free relief. The other side has held that the givers presumably wanted their money used in whatever way would be most effective in the judgment of those actually in touch with the situation—and presumably had confidence in that judgment, or they would not have given the money. This would mean that those in the field were justified, when expending the money, in taking into consideration the saving of lives in the future, as well as immediately.

The famine is certain to last and become progressively more desperate until the autumn crops are gathered; and, if the spring and summer go by without abundant rains, it may continue another year. The need for relief is urgent.

GROVER CLARK.

Jane Addams at Hull House

ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1889, Jane Addams and Ellen Gates Starr took up their residence in the old Hull Mansion at 800 South Halsted Street, Chicago, an event which Hull House will celebrate on May 9, 10 and 11 of this year. By Miss Addams' desire, the celebration will be limited to a reunion of those who at various times have joined her and Miss Starr in residence, and to the usual spring exhibition of the various activities of the House. Among the former residents are not a few whose presence will testify to a significance in the occasion beyond the merely local. The premier of Canada, parliament permitting, will be present as an old resident, with Miss Julia Lathrop, Mrs. Florence Kelley, Gerald Swope, W. L. Chenery, and, as a trustee, Professor John Dewey. But it will be remembered always that Hull House is an institution belonging peculiarly to Chicago, one through which, among others, the city has shown its pioneering spirit, and of which it is justly proud.

The beginning of Miss Addams' and Miss Starr's residence among the poor of Chicago marks the beginning of the modern social movement in the United States. The distinct characteristic of that movement is the recognition of the great tragedy of modern society in class separation; and the determination to deal with it by understanding, sympathy and the establishment of social justice. Far back in the nineteenth century, Disraeli had proclaimed the existence of "two nations . . . who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws—the Rich and the Poor." Later Karl Marx discovered the class war. In England Ruskin proclaimed: "I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. . . . I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky . . . has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly." In Russia, Tolstoy examined the situation more specifically and learned what to do:

> Without prejudice I looked at our own mode of life, and became aware that it was not by chance that closer intercourse with the poor is difficult for us, but that we ourselves are intentionally ordering our lives in such a way as to make this intercourse impossible. And not only this, but on looking at our lives, or

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> the lives of rich people, from without, I saw that all that is considered as the *summum bonum* of these lives consists in being separated as much as possible from the poor, or is in some way or other connected with this desired separation. It was only when I repented—that is, left off considering myself to be a peculiar man and began to consider myself to be like *all* other men—it was then that my way became clear to me.

Hull House was in America the expression of this world-wide movement. Ruskin's teaching at Oxford resulted in the founding of Toynbee Hall in East London, and Toynbee Hall was the progenitor of Hull House by only a few months. Hull House was followed by similar social settlements all over the country; there are forty-four listed in the telephone directory of Chicago alone. It is easy to point out the limitations of this type of social effort. Merezhkovsky has demonstrated that Tolstoy did not really succeed in becoming a peasant. It is true that the existence of the residents at Hull House is unspeakably secure and comfortable compared with that of their neighbors. Moreover, it is clear today that the oppressed and exploited will win their cause only by their own effort—as Shaw says, only the poor can abolish poverty. Yet the settlement is a symbol. It means that neighborhood between men and women of different classes is possible; that they can speak the same language, and learn to know each other's habits, thoughts and feelings, and not be repelled by their different manners. Above all, the residents of the settlement can see for themselves that the poor are not governed by the same laws, or by laws with the same interpretation, as the rich. They can bear witness to wrongs which they cannot abolish. A signal evidence of the position which Hull House has won is the fact that so many victims of so-called justice hasten thither for help. In the long struggle of the needle workers with their employers, when their pickets were being beaten by the police, it was Miss Starr's presence on the picket line, in the patrol wagon, in court for trial and sentence, that aroused public opinion to the issue of freedom versus slavery. In the ghastly misery of Palmer's Red raids, it was to Jane Addams rather than to any other citizen of Chicago that the innocent sufferers turned for help.

It is doubtless true that the contact between Hull House and its neighborhood was closer and more intimate in the early years than it is today. Of this Miss Addams' "Twenty Years at Hull House" is evidence, as are Miss Starr's racy oral reminiscences. For one thing the group of residents was smaller and division of function not so exact. Hull House has paid the penalty of its success. It has seen activities in which it was a pioneer, which were once part of the immediate service of its residents, taken over by institutions. The playgrounds which it initiated have become the city's small parks; the classes, except those in English and citizenship for adults, have been replaced by the Board of Education's evening schools. The Immigrants' Protective League, the Juvenile Protective Association, are independent organizations, with headquarters within Hull House walls. There are a nursery school, a music school, an art school, a boys' club and gymnasium, classes in cookery and pottery, clubs for dancing and drama, all conducted by experts. But it should be said at once that all these enterprises issue out of and lead into human associations and relations.

One of the chief functions of Hull House has been that now represented by the Immigrants' Protective League, to welcome the foreigner and enable him to secure such hospitality as this country affords. How many thousands of how many races have found welcome and help there is beyond computation. The population maps which hang in the octagon room record the ebb and flow of racial tides in the district. The map made in the early nineties is beautifully variegated in many colors; the last of the series shows largely dark blue and black, representing Italians and Greeks. These maps remind us that Miss Addams has seen nearly all the migrant races of the world pass by her doorstep, and has lived as a neighbor among them. She has entered into their psychology, seen their point of view and appreciated their racial contribution to our national life, and ours to them. With a certain sad humor she tells of a meeting with leading Italians of the neighborhood to discuss a miniature race riot in which a Negro boy was killed. She pointed out that there was no racial antagonism between Italians and Negroes, no excuse for this outrage, to which the Italian doctor replied, "You must remember, Miss Addams, that our people are becoming Americanized."

It was doubtless the trust and affection with which Miss Addams had inspired so many Europeans, visitors to Chicago as well as humble neighbors, and the recognition of her knowledge of psychological and social conditions in Europe, which led to the invitation extended to her to become president of the International Congress of Women, which was summoned to meet at The Hague in the spring of 1915. She was our leading internationalist. It is interesting in the light of later events to read the resolutions of this conference, and see how they anticipate the wise terms of peace offered by Wilson in his fourteen points and disgracefully abandoned after Germany had surrendered to them. After the adjournment of the conference, Miss Addams visited the courts and chancellories of both warring and neutral countries to promote the idea of a conference of neutrals which should offer continuous mediation to the belligerents. After the Armistice, she visited Germany with Dr. Alice Hamilton to take account of the conditions of starvation resulting from the maintenance of the food blockade by the Allies. Another distinguished service rendered by Miss Addams was her participa-

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tion in the investigation by an American committee of the situation in Ireland under the Black and Tans. She has steadily given her influence and support to all movements and institutions directed to the reconstruction of a world shaken to pieces by the War and badly patched together at Versailles. She has been in favor of the League of Nations, the World Court, disarmament and education for peace. As president of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom she welcomed the foreign delegates to the convention in this country in 1924, and by her tact and skill carried off a situation rendered difficult by the outbreak of fanatical nationalism with which they were received. She was the representative of the honor, dignity and courtesy which should mark the intercourse of a great nation with foreigners—

But it is Jane Addams of Hull House that we remember gratefully this week. In spite of differences of opinion in regard to the most controversial of all subjects, war and peace, her fellow citizens of Chicago are proud of her and of her work. Hull House is in a peculiar sense symbolic of the best things of Chicago, its democracy, its sense of coöperation and shared activity, its toleration. And to those who know it intimately, those of the family numbering seventy or more who inhabit "the block," it seems under Jane Addams' gracious guidance to symbolize some of the best things in humanity. The unique value of a settlement depends on the personality of its members, and of the settlement personality Miss Addams is a perfect type. She enjoys telling a story of Paul Jones when he was Bishop of Utah. A fellow ecclesiastic complained to Miss Addams that the Bishop was given to consorting with certain of the baser sort, including Wobblies and such, and Miss Addams, always charitably eager to put the best interpretation on things, suggested that perhaps the Bishop went among these people to convert them. "Oh, no," responded the ecclesiastic, "he goes with them because he likes them." Miss Addams tells this with her usual gentle humor, never suspecting, I am sure, that she herself is the cream of the jest.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Poem

Not the mind's clear ice,
Not the throat's hard strength—
Not these alone suffice
To snare in a net of words
Love or wind or birds.

Only the breast, at length
Blowing its fire through the mind,
Breaking its cry in the throat,
Can capture the falling note
From a bird on a shoulder of wind,
Can shape to a poem . . . love
Or the small hurt ghost thereof.

FRANCES M. FROST.

Washington Notes

SOME of our leading Washington prognosticators, wise boys who sit on the heights and look down, tell me now that the London Treaty certainly will be ratified by the Senate. Permanently stationed on the lower levels, such is my opinion, too. However, say the best informed, before ratification occurs, the treaty will be so mauled and bruised, so riddled and ridiculed, that it will be entirely valueless as a political or personal asset so far as the unfortunate Mr. Hoover is concerned. The fight against it will be led by Senator Freddie Hale, who represents the big-navy point of view, but is not, it will be conceded, the most effective man in the world. His opposition to any naval treaty is always discounted and never dreaded. Far more damage will be done by Senators, both Democratic and Progressive, who will vote for ratification, but will explain that they do so reluctantly and only because it represents a small step in advance. These will contend that under it we get neither limitation, reduction nor parity; that it is nothing to brag about; that the administration claims of concrete achievement are absurd; that it is in fact a trivial step, less than an inch; but because it moves even so far they feel bound to support it.

In other words, the Senate opposition to Hoover, except for the big-navy group and a few others, finding no solid ground for opposing the treaty, is determined that, though he may get his treaty, he shall not get any political or personal glory from it. And if these opposition Senators spill in the Senate only a portion of the poison brought back by several and sundry of our most conspicuous journalistic authorities on international affairs, it will be a sick looking treaty when the Senate is through with it. That, however, is the whole idea. A short time ago there was considerable elation over the prospect of rejection among those who believed the conference a mistake from the start and had proclaimed its complete failure before it convened. Their hope of this vanished when Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader and delegate to the conference, made it plain that he would return no perfunctory advocate, that he was strongly in favor of ratification, and when Senator Borah failed to take a pronounced stand in opposition. Now, the treaty's most uncompromising opponents insist that the same purpose will be accomplished by ratifying it after it has been torn to pieces.

The idea is to hold "hearings," to get the harassed Stimson up before the Committee and "take him for a ride," to call to the front the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and question him about tonnage and cruisers and replacements and various intricate matters of naval technique, with which every Secretary of the Navy should be saturated but never is. Altogether it is going to be a fine show, and much pain is in store for poor Herbert as he watches his pact being smeared and hears his course condemned. To be sure, the treaty, the American delegation and the President will not go undefended. There will be Robinson and it was hoped that there would be Morrow. The expectation was that Mr. Morrow would take his seat in the Senate soon after his return home. Mr. Morrow would have been the only Republican in the Senate in a position really to meet the

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attack and reply to the critics. Upon him would have fallen the burden of the pro-treaty fight. Since he will not be there, there will be no pro-treaty Senator—except for the Democratic Robinson—qualified to lead the fight.

At least I cannot think of one now. Imagine the Hon. James W. Watson, titular leader of the administration forces, having to make this fight, full of figures and facts, cruiser complications and escalator clauses, and a lot of other technical things the meanings of which are securely and permanently hidden from him! Imagine what a dreadful headache the majestic and amiable James would have after just one hour of that sort of debate! One recalls that a few weeks of the fight on the tariff, a subject with which he is more or less familiar, broke down his iron constitution and sent him exhausted to Florida, where it took nearly a month of sunshine and succulent oranges to restore his pristine vigor. No sir, for both Jim's sake, Hoover's sake, the treaty's sake and the country's sake, Leader Watson should be subjected to no such strain as would be imposed on him if he were pushed to the front as the foremost Senate champion of ratification. So far as I can ascertain, there is no disposition at the White House to push him in that direction—quite the contrary.

Of course, it would help Mr. Hoover's cause and prevent the treaty from being too outrageously smeared if in addition to Senator Robinson, the Hon. David A. Reed of Pennsylvania were to return and take his place in the Senate, there to do battle for the right. I cannot make out at this time whether Mr. Reed will return in time to aid in the treaty fight. Some say he will, some say not. It was his purpose to recuperate from the heavy social strain of his London labors by taking a long rest on the other side, cutting out completely the teas, dinners, dances, receptions and the like which have so exhausted him, but from which there was no escape for a man of his high social visibility. Over here there are some unkind enough to say that what has exhausted Mr. Reed far more than his social activities is the prospect of having to take an active personal stand in the Grundy-Davis senatorial primary campaign, now getting very hot and bothersome all over the Pennsylvania map—a stand which he will have to take, painful though it undoubtedly will be, if he gets back here much more than a week ahead of May 20, the primary date.

There has been, or so I am credibly informed, a White House suggestion to Mr. Reed that it would be helpful from the administration angle if he were to return in time to render real service in the cause of ratification. Further, it has been hinted to him, from the same source, that to refrain from doing so would be to spoil his London record in the cause of disarmament and leave his motives open to question. It is the general belief that he will cut his rest short and be back in the Senate early in May—in ample time, from all indications, to take up the cudgels for the treaty. Since reading in the daily press a report that, deep in his manly bosom, Senator Reed secretly—or so he supposes—cherishes certain ambassadorial ambitions, realization of which would solve the political difficulties thrown in the way of his continued public career by the Pennsylvania situation, I am inclined to share the feeling about his return. And if he does, beyond question he will be a big help to the ratification cause, the fact being that he is an exceedingly effective Senate debater, who always "knows his stuff."

Washington. T. R. B.

The Philadelphia Lysistrata

Aristophanes' Lysistrata, English Version by Gilbert Seldes. Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia. April 28, 1930.

THE Philadelphia Theater Association has for its immediate aim the production of a series of dramas that, beginning with the Greek drama, will represent "step by step the various courses in dramatic history, by their masterpieces." The immediate scheme and financial support come from the late Horace Howard Furness, Jr.

At the start, I may say that to begin with a Greek comedy seems to me wise. Nobody knows just how the tragedies were done. We know even less, perhaps, of how the comedies were done; but the situation is at least eased by the ease of comedy itself. If the high spirits, the extravagance, the sound human comment is there, the precise forms of production may be looser and more freely adapted; there is less of Zion than in Æschylus or Sophocles or Euripides, and we may accordingly be more at home. And, finally, tragedy calls for the grand style and for a severity of training in the actors and dancers that is outside our tradition and possibility.

The "Lysistrata" was a good choice. There is no literary allusion to speak of, no literary burlesque and no very necessary historical and political foundation. The comedy turns, as freshly as ever, on the question of the male egotism and the female relation to it, on men in war and heroics, on women in war, on women and men in love. The story everyone knows: that plan of Lysistrata's to bring the men to their senses by denying them the conjugal rights of love and so to end the war between Athens and Sparta. The women, old and young, seize the Acropolis, repel the seige of the old men and the amorous advances of the young, and at length bring about the treaty of peace and friendship between the two countries. You listen to this play and are reminded of Congreve's observation about women's great heat and natural coldness. You see how women, loving men for their brave bodies, their courage and strong arms, and for the silly heroism that leads them on, are yet able, when they choose, to see from the barnyard level the capers of these lusty eagles, how absurd they can be made to seem, the captain with his shining armor carrying off a little soup in his helmet, the big talk, the vanity, wind and bombast, Homeric whistling to keep one's valor up. You see how fully women know what chains and ties, what hungers and disruptions, exist in men and lead to women. They know their own power. They know, also, their own need for men, and the biological difference in the timing of this need; they can wait. In the comedy they wait, and the men do as Lysistrata wills.

This curiously sound, universal and penetrating comedy, so healthy, accurate and exuberant, is, then, a good choice.

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There remains only to report on Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes' achievement in the direction and décor, Mr. Seldes' version, and the company's acting.

Miss Fay Bainter, in the role of Lysistrata, actually gained by not being a strapping goddess; there was something of pure will in her command of her weaker sisters that made a more amusing comment on the female influence in human society; she gave an intelligent performance, not very magnetic, but fair enough. Miss Hortense Alden, in the part of Myrrhina, who enacts the famous scene with the mattress, pillow, unguents and other agencies by which the husband's flame is baffled and delayed, played with real comedy and a good speed; and Miss Miriam Hopkins, as a much weaker sister spirit, played delightfully. Mr. Sydney Greenstreet, as the fat president of the male senators, operatic and crooked, and Mr. Ernest Truex, as Myrrhina's husband, gave hearty and gay performances. Miss Mary Blair took the role of the First Old Woman, largely contrived—with a genuine dramatic gain for a modern version of the play—by Mr. Seldes to carry some of the burden of the original chorus in Aristophanes. That strange and distinct talent of Miss Blair's gave the part no little splendor and acrid point, a fine performance. Some of the players, Miss Hope Emerson, for example, who did the Spartan Amazon, Lampito, could not act at all, but they were chosen well enough in the casting to make them serve. There might well have been a more extensive conviction of Greek physique and temptation when the husbands return to these sighing but rebellious ladies. Which is to say, a few more beautiful male presences—achieved by make-up and art, if not actually beautiful. This is needed to point the comic meaning; Aristophanes intends that these wives, however resolute, should suffer somewhat as well as their longing mates.

Mr. Gilbert Seldes rearranged, with the chorus of old women, the opening of the play for an ensemble effect where Aristophanes begins more singly with Lysistrata. Mr. Seldes' device ties the play more to the décor side of the occasion, perhaps, and in that sense is a gain; the original beginning seems to me more dramatic. The new version strikes happily on the ear, it has a real theatrical beat; and it is full of turns and quips that are for the most part akin to the original gayeties in the dramatist's Athenian heart. The tone of Mr. Seldes' writing is admirable; and, where there is need, the fuller sound that denotes the more serious implication comes readily into his style. You have only to look into the usual translation from classic comedy to see how fluent and alive this new rendering always is.

The setting that Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes has designed for "Lysistrata" consists of two plinths with a double gate between, denoting the entrance to the Acropolis, various walls, a descent of steps whose sides are sheer planes, varying constantly in their different lines, and a fore-stage that carries well out into the auditorium of the theater and ends in steps. To the steps on one side, behind hangings where the boxes should be, leads an entrance to the stage. The colors are in varying reds, with gradations into grays, browns, blues, yellows, and so on, set against the changing sky beyond. It is a superb design, active and alive in every part, and highly dramatic. Most of all it is dramatic by means of the subtle levels, the play of elevations and upward and downward rhythms. The animation given to the players through this one means constantly reminded me of Shakespeare; presences that flutter and fly and engage us in their contagious feelings and actions by means of Shakespeare's poetic style, do something of the same thing in "Lysistrata" by means of their places in the scene; a flutter and stream of life appears to pour from the stage.

Some of the costumes are excellent, some flat or mussy or worse. Most of the head-dresses are bad, and the arrangement and style of the hair in nearly every case is inexcusable.

There are two things, certainly, that Mr. Geddes should do with his production. In numerous places, it should be cut; things are dwelt on long after their comedy and dramatic value are exhausted. In the first scene of the old men, for instance, two-thirds could be spared, and the meaning remain all the more striking. The other need is for a greater economy and simplification now and then. A longer moment is needed in which there is less commotion and multiplicity. Such an economy would rest and enliven the total effect of the evening; and, what is even more important, it would afford a relief or contrast against which the extraordinary vitality in action and design would appear more distinctly. A more distinct rhythm of reserve and abundance would reveal even further the beautiful, teeming quality behind the whole.

In a sense, however, this last point is only a way of indicating what is the most promising and rich characteristic of Mr. Geddes' genius, its abundance. He throws off enough in a production like this of "Lysistrata" to nourish a score of small designers through as many seasons, and when all is said and done, you feel that he could go right into another creation with powers as full. In this respect of abundance and excess, he resembles the Renaissance, and is, as well, very happily adapted to Aristophanes, who poured into the comedy such inexhaustible powers of invention and his own kind of poetry. The theater gift of Mr. Geddes is in the nature of a source, and, through that, exhibits the harshness, beauty, surprise and prolific creation that is proper to it.

These notes on his "Lysistrata," however good or bad they may be, constitute an important record in the American theater.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Not Artists, but Archæologists

SIR: Here is a quotation from Clive Bell's book on "Art." Although written about the English Pre-Raphaelites, it applies still better to a contemporary movement in America, and should, I think, serve as a sort of introduction to the state of mind of a Humanist, as well as an explanation of the place in arts and letters of Humanism and an indication of what we may expect from the Movement:

> They discovered in the primitives scrupulous fidelity to nature, superior piety, chaste lives. How far they were from guessing the secret of primitive art appeared when they began to paint pictures themselves. The secret of primitive art is

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the secret of all art, at all times, in all places—sensibility to the profound significance of form and the power of creation. The band of happy brothers lacked both; so perhaps it is not surprising that they should have found in acts of piety, in legends and symbols, the material, and in sound churchmanship, the very essence, of medieval art. For their own inspiration they looked to the past instead of looking about them. Instead of diving for truth they sought it on the surface. The fact is, the Pre-Raphaelites were not artists, but archæologists who tried to make intelligent curiosity do the work of impassioned contemplation.

R. M. WANGLER.

New York City.

The New Fascist Penal Code

SIR: Whoever reads the article written by Mr. Robert C. Binkley for The New Republic of February 5, 1930, on "Free Speech in Fascist Italy," is apt to remain under the impression that the method of submitting the draft of a new penal code for previous examination by experts has been introduced by the Fascists. The truth is that the penal code of 1889, extant today in Italy, was prepared precisely in that manner. When the Fascists came into power, another commission of experts had already been working for several years, preparing the draft of a new penal code which was published in 1921. Minister of Justice Rocco reexamined this draft, modified it radically and submitted it to the criticism of the experts.

There was nothing new in this procedure. Far more interesting than the procedure itself are the basic concepts which inspired Minister Rocco in the elaboration of the new code. New types of political offenses have been devised: e. g., military or political defeatism (Art. 270); economic defeatism (Art. 272); antinational activities on the part of Italian citizens in foreign countries (Art. 274); the setting up of illicit associations of international character (Art. 279); attempts against the head of the government (Art. 284); offences against the reputation or liberty of the head of the government (Art. 285); incitement to disparage or abuse established institutions (Art. 388); circulation of news dangerous to national economy (Art. 501); seditious clamor or manifestations (Art. 672); seditious assembly (Art. 673); circulation of false, exaggerated or tendencious news (Art. 674). It is hardly necessary to continue this list to show that the meshes of the legal net are close enough to entrap any citizen who indulges in activities or voices opinions which do not accord with the trend of policy of the government.

The severity of punishment has been tremendously increased. Capital punishment, which was abolished at the time of the Risorgimento, has been revived. The death penalty is applicable in no less than fifteen types of political offenses. Even to have a store of arms comes under the head of armed insurrection. Another new penalty is the "general confiscation" of the goods of the condemned, a sentence which falls as much on the innocent family of the culprit as on the culprit himself (Art. 28), another reversion to the barbaric legislation overthrown by the Risorgimento.

In many cases of political offenses prosecution cannot be undertaken without the previous authorization or request of the minister of justice (Art. 315), and the public prosecutor is empowered to refuse to take proceedings "where reasons of public interest" make it advisable. Thus the government can, at its discretion, prevent the prosecution of crimes committed by its partisans, even of such as would be punished by death if committed by opponents. In some instances the judge, while recognizing the innocence of the accused, may none the less designate him as "dangerous to society," send him to a colony or to a reformatory, put him under police surveillance, or forbid him to reside in some specified area.

As Mr. Binkley observes, the commission of experts is not allowed to discuss the "philosophy of Fascism," from which are drawn the fundamental concepts of the new code. They can only discuss its technicalities. True discussion, that of the principles, is forbidden.

MICHELE CANTARELLA.

Northampton, Mass.

Far, Far Too Much

SIR: One friend of mine asked another: "Have you been following the Humanist controversy?" Whereat the latter replied facetiously: "I have been reading it, but I haven't been following it." I can claim to have done neither with any thoroughness, but I would like to give three cheers for Malcolm Cowley and his comments on the "angry professors."

What puzzles this innocent bystander is this. If we have been going through a period of iconoclasm and experimentation (as we surely have), and if the time has come for a more constructive attitude and the formulation of an ethics and a philosophy (in so far as they can be formulated in such a complex world), why should we throw out all the research and experimentation? Why discard what can be learned from psychology, anthropology and sociology, and the less official soul searchings and observations of recent art and literature? Surely no one with the slightest knowledge of these studies will accept for a moment the validity of the "inner check." As if society were the result of conscience, instead of the other way round!

One hopes that some celestial clipping bureau is keeping Aristotle, Plato and Rousseau well informed. Up there, publicity for the Humanists may be only amusing. Down here, they have already had far too much.

Passaic, N. J. MYRA MARINI.

Realism, Pragmatism and the Church

SIR: I cannot understand Mr. Morrow's meaning when he writes, in his review of Leo R. Ward's "Philosophy of Value," as follows:

> Mr. Ward follows Aristotle and Aquinas in saying that in value relations "the object of action moves to action, but is itself unaffected," whereas realism and pragmatism would say the object is decidedly affected. In thus conceiving value as inhering in the object, Mr. Ward would have us believe that he is giving us the testimony of "common sense," of experience, when the truth is that such a conception of values has been dictated to him by Catholic dogmas.

It is manifestly absurd to speak thus of realism. The point at which this species of philosophy denies the epistemological problem raised by Kant is in insisting that reality—whether sense data, meaning, or value—inheres in the object. There it is either found naïvely by the intelligence, or else its significance is logically constructed from a congeries of sensations themselves without significance.

The pragmatic approach is somewhat different, but has none of the solipsistic implications Mr. Morrow suggests. There are three ways of expressing it: (1) Values become significant through the experiences men undergo in arriving at them. (2) Our comprehension of values is shaped and colored by the experiences we pass through in discovering them. (3) Values mean their consequences in terms of human experience.

Nothing in either the realistic or pragmatic statements, so far as I can see, prevents their being given a Catholic turn. I should agree with Mr. Morrow, in respect to the facts, if he simply said that the official Church has stifled the modernistic movements in its own bosom: liberalism in politics, radicalism in social affairs, evolutionary biology, coeducation and birth control. I should also agree with him if he were content with saying that Catholicism still thinks that the most essential fact of human nature is the evil, inward Adam, while most modern thought (since Rousseau and Godwin) believes in the prospect of perfectibility.

But these are not the points he raises. Instead, he proposes the logic of sealed containers: churchly metaphysics closed and tight, that of modernism in the same bad case. He mistakes the Church's stubbornness to move from ground once taken—the inertia of an ecclesiastical machine, so to speak—for an innate obstacle to stating the Catholic experience in terms of the philosophy of human experience.

ARTHUR WUBNIG.

New York University.

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Mencken on Religion

Treatise on the Gods, by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 364 pages. $3.

THIS is one of the few popular treatises on religion which show no trace of fear and almost none of prejudice. One of the best things in it is an uncompromising and unanswerable indictment of the "craven 'scientists'" who "reconcile science and religion by the sorry device of admitting . . . that the latter is somehow superior to the former, and is thus entitled to all territories that remain unoccupied":

> All they really prove is that a man may be a competent astronomer or physicist and yet no scientist, just as blind Tom was a competent pianist without being a musician. . . . Christian theology is not only opposed to the scientific spirit; it is opposed to every other form of rational thinking. Not by accident . . . do the Christian Scriptures make the father of knowledge a serpent. . . . Turn to the laborious works of Paul Elmer More if you would see how brilliantly modern a Greek of the fourth century before Christ must appear when his ideas are ranged beside those which inform even the most modernistic variety of Christianity. More is constantly confronting a painful choice between Christian theology and the elements of rational thinking, and every time he allows his congenital piety to make any concession to the former he has to do violence to the latter. The only real way to reconcile science and religion is to set up something that is not science and something that is not religion.

"Humanism," Mr. More declared in a recent lecture, "is not enough." The evangelical section of his audience promptly applauded, but there were others who felt that on the contrary even Humanism has been, is, or at any rate could be, rather too much. "If," Mr. Mencken sums up, "man has not proved positively that religion is not true, then he has certainly proved that it is not necessary. Men may live decently without it and they may die courageously without it. But not, of course, *all* men." The last words are highly significant. "To believe," said another American sage, "that what is true for you is true for all men—that is genius." Was Emerson, whom Mr. Mencken so much resembles, wrong, or is the father of The American Mercury not a genius? There would seem to be no logical escape from the horns of this dilemma.

The facts are that, a trifle illogically, Mr. Mencken is a vital illustration of the accuracy of Emerson's definition and that he comes completely under its terms. In the sentences quoted he is but sounding a variation on the Emersonian trumpet-theme of self-reliance. The chief difference is that Emerson lived in Concord and never quite realized how much weakness and wickedness there is in the world, while Mr. Mencken was once a Free State newspaper man. Emerson believed that even the immigrant-Irish pick-swingers who were building the Fitchburg railroad over Thoreau's dead body ought to follow the inner light. But if Mr. Mencken realistically concedes the value of religion as an opiate for the mass of mankind, even Emerson, though he left his Unitarian pulpit because he would not administer communion nor pray at set times, cheerfully allowed to anyone who could derive comfort from these agencies such comfort as could be derived.

Mr. Mencken describes his own attitude as "one of amiable skepticism." He has "no belief in any of the current theologies," nor has he "any active antipathy" against them:

> Religion can be very swinish, but that swinishness is surely not of its essence. What brought it into the world was man's eternal wonder and his eternal hope. It represents one of his bold efforts—and perhaps not the least of them—to penetrate the unknowable, to put down the intolerable, to refashion the universe nearer to his heart's desire. My belief is that it is a poor device to that end—that when it is examined objectively it testifies to his imbecility quite as much as to his high striving. But that belief is only a belief. The immense interest and importance of the thing itself remain.

Those whom religion leaves completely cold do not argue about it. Nor do they feel moved to set down historical speculations about it. After describing how a murderer went to the gallows repeating the Twenty-third Psalm, the treatise closes with this sentence: "As an American I naturally spend most of my time laughing, but that time I did not laugh." That Mr. Mencken chose this note to end on is possibly more significant than his prefatory disclaimer of religious sensibility. I suspect he is not so impervious as he supposes, though one must admit there is little evidence, aside from the fact of the book itself. It is true that, ignoring the deadly effect of Hebrew parallelism on whole centuries of English style, he accepts the conventional exaggeration of the Old Testament's merits as literature. But such surrenders are rare. He moves through the theological jungle with a cat-footed sureness of thought and a lithe precision of style which he certainly did not form on the alleged excellences of the King James version.

The inevitable effect of this book on illiterate readers will be to produce materials for an enlarged edition of Mencken's "Schimpflexikon." Among the literate, I will venture the prediction that those who like it least will be the sort of persons who sustain societies of atheists. Still among the literate, the orthodox are not likely to be much offended—many will even find a gentle pleasure in the stimulus. A real saint can always cite Antichrist—for his purpose. Both these classes may have been in Mr. Mencken's mind's eye when he wrote. I am not sure how aware he is of a third, an increasingly important one, which consists of those whom religion neither delights nor enrages, but simply bores. Yet the history of anything whatever is in fact, *per se*, and *qua* history, interesting. If anything could induce readers of the third category to tackle a treatise about the gods, this book would. For it is lively without affectation, logical without sophistry, amusing, and above all, clear and wise. It is probably Mr. Mencken's best book.

There are an admirable bibliographical note and a full index, the latter for some obscure reason paged in small roman numbers which repeat the pagination of the preface. As a piece of book-making this volume is not worthy of the text. One can only deplore Mr. Knopf's addiction to Bodoni; the ugly title-page, too similar to the advertisement opposite, though the margins fail to jibe; the grotesque assortment of roman and italic types of several sizes in the title itself; the ill spaced and misplaced date; the over-ornate and muddily executed gold-leafing on the cover; and finally the childish centering of the titles in the table of contents.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

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The Unthinkable War

America Conquers Britain, by Ludwell Denny. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 429 pages. $4.

America and England? by Nicholas Roosevelt. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 254 pages. $2.50.

A GREAT many people are thinking and talking nowadays about "the unthinkable war" between Great Britain and the United States, and this seems to me on the whole a good thing. We know now that war cannot be prevented by having the right-minded people refuse to think about it. That merely leaves the thinking to the wrong-minded people, who may usually be trusted to get themselves and everybody else into trouble as quickly and completely as possible. The way to abolish war is to face all the dangers and then determine that they shall not come to pass, at the same time creating all possible machinery for channeling off the military spirit, for removing the causes of war and for settling disputes peaceably.

Mr. Denny's book is a useful tool in the process of facing the facts. He does not predict war between England and America, but he emphasizes its danger. No one who knows the situation, he observes,

> can say honestly that the British and American economic empires are not belligerent rivals. No one knowing the facts can say that their foreign trade and investments are not directly competitive. No one knowing the facts can say that the fight is clean. No one knowing the facts can say that hands-across-the-sea speeches or naval-armament truces have removed the danger of armed war, which historically has resulted from such economic war. There is not room in the contracting modern world for two conflicting empires as large and predatory as Britain and America. Either the supremacy of America will be recognized by Britain in peace, or that supremacy will be asserted in battles of blood.

Most of Mr. Denny's book is devoted to the marshaling of facts and figures in support of his thesis that America has now passed Britain and has become the leading world power, and on this point he has assembled an impressive group of statistics. He does not, however, belittle the role which Great Britain still plays. In separate chapters he describes the struggle for export markets, the competition for the trade of the British Dominions, and the questions of investments, raw materials (with particular attention to rubber, oil and chemicals), aerial navigation and communication by radio and cable. As to nearly all these items, he finds that the United States is winning. There are, moreover, "intangible forces" which favor us:

> The "feeling" of victory is on America's side. It is America's "day." The devastating "will to win" so characteristic of youth, and the energy and daring which flow from it, drive America forward. . . . Other nations come to believe that America is winning. This conviction penetrates even Britain. The aged Empire is fighting not only the real challenger, but also the living ghost of world supremacy, which advanced with the Roman legions of old, which has led the British for generations, and which now seems to fight for America.

If this passage seems somewhat esoteric, it ought to be said that it is not typical of the tone of the book. For the most part, Mr. Denny is content to put down the figures and let them do their own prophesying. His filing system must be as good as that of Stuart Chase, and like that author he rides the statistics and does not permit them to ride him. He writes with bounce and gusto, frankly as a journalist and not as an academic economist, but his readability does not detract from the serious importance of what he says. His book deserves the careful attention of Americans, and the still more careful attention of Englishmen.

Nicholas Roosevelt, writing on the same general theme, has produced a work of very different character. His study is much slighter and briefer, and any one of Mr. Denny's chapters presents more factual material than is to be found in the whole of "America and England?". Believing that both the decline of England and the rise of America have been exaggerated in most of the public discussion, Mr. Roosevelt writes to answer such alarming predictions as those of Mr. Denny, who would certainly call this book another example of "hands-across-the-sea" oratory. Mr. Roosevelt believes that the interest of both nations in the development of foreign trade is not a factor which must lead to war, but one which will force them into coöperation. This coöperation will be aided by the Dominions, which are now in many ways closer spiritually to the United States than they are to England. He sees the world ruled by a *pax Anglo-Americana,* to be achieved by the abandonment of our outworn theory of isolation, and by patience and good will on both sides during a difficult transition period. For him, the unthinkable war is still unthinkable. I hope he is right, even though I know that all history supports Mr. Denny's view.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Nurses and Soldiers

Stepdaughters of War, by Helen Zenna Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

War Nurse, Anonymous. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

The Forbidden Zone, by Mary Borden. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Four Infantrymen, by Ernst Johannsen. New York: Alfred H. King. $2.

Three Men's War, by R. H. Mottram, John Easton and Eric Partridge. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.

Gallipoli Memories, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Show Me Death! by W. Redvers Dent. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Contact, by Elliott White Springs. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. $2.50.

THE FIELD of war books is now being invaded by women, and this may result in a more bitter realism than we have had so far, since the nurses and ambulance drivers probably saw more of concentrated horror than the average soldier. Helen Zenna Smith has certainly set a high standard in "Stepdaughters of War." Miss Smith was an ambulance driver; she met the trains filled with trays of wounded men, some hysterical, some obviously dying; she and the other drivers then drove (slowly, to avoid giving unnecessary pain) back to the hospital, where their cargo was received by the nurses. Sometimes one of the men in the ambulance would go insane and attack one of the others, and the girl driver would have to stop and

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strap him up. The disgusting job of cleaning the ambulances after these trips was also performed by the drivers, many of whom had hitherto led the most refined and sheltered lives. Some, of course, could not stick it out; Miss Smith did, but she never became reconciled to it; unlike many, she could not console herself with patriotic ideals. Her first-hand view of the filthiness of war inspired in her a loathing of the sock-knitting committee-organizing type of woman who boasts about the sacrifice she is making in letting her son go to the front.

> I have schooled myself to stop fainting at the sight of blood [she writes], I have schooled myself not to vomit at the smell of wounds and stale blood, but view those sad bodies with professional calm I shall never be able to. I may be helping to alleviate the sufferings of wretched men, but common sense rises up and insists that the necessity should never have arisen. I become savage at the futility. It is all so senseless, so hellishly senseless. A war to end war, my mother writes. Never. In twenty years it will repeat itself. And twenty years after that. Again and again, as long as we breed women like my mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington. . . . Oh, come with me, mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington. Let me show you the exhibits straight from the battlefield. This will be something original to tell your committees while they knit their endless miles of khaki scarves, something to spout from the platform at your recruiting meetings.

Miss Smith proceeds to bring out her exhibits: dying men spewing up blood; twitching shell-shock cases; men who have been gassed coughing up their lungs in clots of pinky green filth; men with trench feet, swollen twice their size and covered with blisters; victims of liquid fire whose faces look like raw liver.

"Stepdaughters of War" is not pleasant reading and it is not intended to be pleasant reading; it is graphic, sincere, and in style shows a discipline that makes one feel the author has not exaggerated her facts. Her hatred of things as they are never makes her become maudlin:

> I am twenty years of age, yet I know nothing of life but death, fear, blood and the sentimentality that glorifies these things in the name of patriotism. I watch my own mother stupidly, deliberately, though unthinkingly—for she is a kind woman—encourage the sons of other women to kill their brothers; I see my own father—a gentle creature who would not willingly harm a fly—applaud the latest scientist when he invents a mechanical device guaranteed to crush his fellow-beings to pulp in their thousands.

The portrait which Miss Smith gives of her mother may be exaggerated, but one fears it is not. If it did not fit so many people, this book might do something towards ensuring peace; conditions being what they are, it will probably have as little effect as an armament conference.

"War Nurse" is vastly inferior to "Stepdaughters of War," but it brings out some of the same points, notably the demoralizing effect of the War on those involved even in a secondary capacity. The author (this is ostensibly autobiography) runs the gamut of a lifetime's emotions in the strained years of the War, and when it is over she is tired out, unable to feel anything. Unfortunately for the effect of this book, a great deal of slightly bogus romance has been introduced, making a second-rate novel out of what might have been interesting fact.

Mary Borden, who also served as a war nurse, is more successful in "The Forbidden Zone." This consists of several sketches and four or five poems, all having to do with the War. The first group of sketches are impressionistic: a captive balloon, a city under bombardment, a regiment marching to the front, and so on. The second group are hospital scenes, and are more realistic. Miss Borden is not so powerful as Miss Smith: primarily a writer, she is more detached, but her picture of what goes on in the operating room is vivid enough for anyone. She calls attention to a remarkable aspect of human nature which the War brought out forcibly: the quixotic consideration of wounded soldiers for their nurses. "They all let us do with them what we like. They all smile as if they were grateful. When we hurt them they try not to cry out, not wishing to hurt our feelings. And often they apologize for dying." There is a poetic, "literary" quality to Miss Borden's writing which, while it keeps her book from having any great force and in some places seems rather out of place in the face of the subject matter, is occasionally very charming. Here, for example, is part of a passage which exemplifies that rarest of things, inoffensive whimsy. It describes the cars which have brought officers into the square.

> The motor cars have all gone wrong. They are queer. They are not doing what they were designed to do when they were turned out of the factories. The limousines were made to carry ladies to places of amusement: they are carrying generals to places of killing. The limousines and the touring cars and the motor lorries are all debauched; they have a depraved look; their springs sag, their wheels waver; their bodies lean to one side. . . .

In spite of the nurses and ambulance drivers, the soldiers are continuing to write. "Four Infantrymen," by Ernst Johannsen, is a German private's account of the summer of 1918, when the Germans fought on, apparently knowing they were defeated. The conversation in this book (and it is largely conversation among four friends) is witty, philosophical, cynical but not sophomoric—extraordinarily good, especially in view of the fact that in private life the author is an electrician. He wrote this one summer when he was out of work. One can only hope that he will lose his job again in the near future. His picture of the War is less horrible physically than many others, but the mental state of his characters is as cheerless, fundamentally, as a mental state can be. His men don't even look forward to the dubious pleasure of ultimate victory.

"Three Men's War" and "Gallipoli Memories" are both written by Englishmen. The former, to be exact, is by three Englishmen, R. H. Mottram, John Easton and Eric Partridge, and consists of personal records. Mr. Mottram's paper is the only one that is of more than purely factual interest: he tells of his experiences and then draws conclusions, which is something that Messrs. Easton and Partridge would never think of doing. According to Mr. Mottram, personal feeling does not enter into modern war, which makes the whole thing ridiculous as well as horrible. "On the whole," he writes,

> the attempt of the civilized nations of the twentieth century to return to barbarism was a failure. Again and again the most deliberate steps had to be taken to procure an artificial ferocity that human beings no longer readily feel. . . . It should be explained to the would-be recruit for the next war, that under no possibility can he "fight." Of the million enlistments of the late War, very few ever saw a German, fewer still can be sure of having personally done any injury

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to one, and I never met in the field any real hatred of the enemy.

Compton Mackenzie's "Gallipoli Memories" is more a portrait of Compton Mackenzie than a war book. Fortunately Mr. Mackenzie is an amusing and colorful fellow who wears silk pajamas on active service and has his breakfast served in bed. He represents the unimaginative, imperturbable type of Englishman whom no amount of bombing and shelling alarms as much as a temporary inability to discover who the best tailor in town is. "Show Me Death!" by W. Redvers Dent, and "Contact," by Elliott White Springs are both novels in which the War appears chiefly as background. The former is a cheap, sentimental story of the wounded hero and the loyal sweetheart; the latter is a more successful handling of a plot in which a boy goes through the War and finds himself "unworthy" (i.e., too mature) for the little girl he left behind. However she grows up and all ends happily. The conclusion is probably one of the most unconvincing conclusions with which a novel has ever been concluded, but the book contains some scenes of Paris and New York life that make it fair reading.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Edith Sitwell's Pope

Alexander Pope, by Edith Sitwell. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 368 pages. $4.

IT WAS to be expected that Miss Sitwell's life of Pope would be lively: and lively enough, in all conscience, this biography is. It is an angry and contentious and animadversive book: its aim is to upset all the prevailing notions about Pope, both as person and as poet: and this vigorous and frankly emotional attitude—or shall we say bias?—could not fail to produce a portrait of which the most striking feature is its energy. Just why Miss Sitwell should have adopted so uncompromisingly *a priori* an attitude towards her subject, or raised her voice to so shrill a pitch, one may be permitted to guess. The qualities which mark Pope's excellence, and measure his limitations, are to a considerable extent those which mark and measure the excellences and limitations of the poetry of the Sitwells. We do not go to Pope for warmth, generosity, profundity or any sort of magnanimity of the heart or mind; imaginative greatness or richness is not in him, and little or none of that psychological insight which might make poetically fruitful for him any sort of essay on man. We do not go even to him for that kind of tempestuous verbal richness, that affective genius of language, which gives to even the least of the Elizabethans their moments of splendid divination. What we do get from him is an approximation—in a very peculiar manner—to a "pure" poetry; it makes a world of its own, with its own complete esthetic; it is detached, self-sufficient, and in its kind (if we grant its deliberate limitations) unassailable.

There is something of this deliberate formal detachment, this playing with shapes and colors and conventions, in the work of the Sitwells; and it is therefore perhaps not unnatural that they should find in Pope an admirable champion. Unfortunately, Miss Sitwell goes too far in her passionate attempt to repaint for us the portrait of this extraordinary man. Not content with the simple statement that the virtues of Pope's poetry have been on the whole too little appreciated, and with making, as she does, some exceedingly shrewd and just technical comments on these, she would try to persuade us of a greatness and power and delicacy in him which he simply did not possess. "The Rape of the Lock" is a charming poem—but isn't it overdoing it a little to speak of it as "that miracle of the summer air, airy and glittering as the nets of the summer light and early dew over the strawberry beds—a poem so airy that it might have been woven by the long fingers of the sylphs, in their dark and glittering Indian gauzes, floating like a little wind among the jeweled dark dews on the leaves of the fruit-trees"? Moreover, not content with posing Pope as a great and fiery and sensitive poet, Miss Sitwell would also have us believe that he has been much maligned as a man. She prefers to think of him as being not so much injurious as injured; as a frustrated and unhappy person of the most delicate susceptibilities; as an essentially warm and generous creature, who, having been cruelly hurt by the world, merely endeavored (and quite naturally) to hit back.

This is all very well, as far as it goes; but unfortunately we know too much about Pope to be able to believe it. Granted that the injurious person is always a person who has himself been injured, the fact remains that not all injured persons so persistently dedicate themselves—as Pope did—to the infliction of pain. The attack of Dennis is by no means enough to explain this: the root is in Pope himself, in his morbid and devouring sense of physical inferiority. There is simply no escaping the fact that a meanness and smallness of spirit is everywhere evident in his life, just as there is also no escaping the fact that his genius was almost always at its best when it was cruel. If Swift was the master of disgust, Pope was the master of hatred. The sylphs and gossamers, the dews and strawberries, are few and far between in his poetry; of love, or even amiability, there is scarcely what the chemists call a "trace," and one can only marvel at the suggestion of Dr. Morell, in his epitaph for Pope's father, that the son would make "mankind his friend." He did nothing of the sort. His best phrases, his best lines, and perhaps his only approach to sheer verbal magic, are in those passages of his poetry in which he is most cunningly and frankly and outrageously hateful. It might have been himself whom he describes as "this painted child of dirt who stinks and stings," or who,

> at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
> Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad.

The note of genius, in Pope, is all too often the note of ferocity. It is perhaps what we should most prize in him.

Nevertheless, Miss Sitwell would have us think that Pope was a lovable fellow, and a kind one; she glozes or conceals his faults; of his vanity (which was preposterous), his infantile egotism (which could preen itself outrageously even in a drunken love letter), or his astounding capacity for lying and dishonesty (as in his reëditing of his letters for publication), she has little to say. Of his lying, in fact, she merely remarks that it was "an unfortunate inhibition against telling the truth": surely a very remarkable piece of meiosis. She sneers at Addison, she misrepresents Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In short, as a psychological interpreter of the facts, or as a deployer of evidence, she is not entirely to be trusted.

If Miss Sitwell's literary manners are not always of the finest, neither are her taste and judgment. At her best, she is a gifted amateur of criticism; at her worst, an awkward tyro. What is one to do with such a statement as, "It is nearly always possible to judge of the poet's physique from his technique"? She goes on to say that

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"Blanks, for instance, would have been impossible to a poet of Pope's tiny and weak body; but the stopped heroic couplet, with its sustaining rhymes, its outward cage (though that cage holds within it all the waves, and the towers and the gulfs of the world), this was born to be his measure." If one adds to this her phrase about "the deep, sleepy richness, like of that of some heavily perfumed dark rose, of Keats's enjambed couplets," one has perhaps, on this count, said enough.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Son of Apollo

The Son of Apollo, by Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

IT IS REFRESHING to find a book coming from Columbia University which emphasizes not the vocational but the cultural side of life. The philosophical home of instrumentalism has given too much the impression of a machine shop, where knowledge is a useful tool. The result has been that in this school Plato has been actually called a misleader of men. But this author considers him not a misleader, but an inspiration who always stimulates, even if he gives no specific answers to problems. In short, we are not to scrap the past, but to go back to the Athens of the fourth century before Christ in order to learn how baffling were the problems that confronted the most brilliant of ancient thinkers.

Take the topic of education. As the writer says:

> Parents were anxious about the education of their children. They wanted a new school and there were many proposals for it. They were both clear and confused in their minds about what they wanted that school to do. It was clear to them that neither they themselves nor existing schools did for their children what they wanted most for them. This was education in character. The usual schools and the usual subjects taught did not seem to give it. Children were not made virtuous and better by them. Education ought to make them that. Indeed, education, after all, is simply nurturing children to grow better than they would if left to nature alone.

Such advice as this is most pertinent under the present slogan of the return to nature. Plato solved the problem by his drastic reforms described in the Republic and this, curiously enough, advises that parents should not be educators of their own children, but that the latter should be taken out of the home and put into an institution. But here a paradox arises, as Professor Woodbridge declares, in the true Socratic manner, "The school asks for children better trained at home and the home asks for children better trained at school." The situation is complex and what the Dialogues do is to show the perpetual difficulty that faces both school and society in the upbringing of the young. Plato's extreme advocacy of the institutionalized child was a reaction against the shallow sophistic training of his day. The Sophists were those who taught manners for a price, and claimed to prepare young men to take their place in polite society; but as in the case of our expensive preparatory schools, the manners often rubbed off, because character was lacking. As the matter might be put in the ancient fashion: "What does it profit a boy to become a good flute-player, if at the same time he becomes worthless as a son or a friend or a citizen?"

Such a treatment of Plato explains the peculiar character

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of the ancient way in which a true philosopher envisaged both sides of the question and not infrequently failed to reach a specific solution. As the writer here says, "The recurrence of such perennially human themes as politics, education, love and death, and a dramatic rather than a systematic treatment of them, constitute for the writer of this book the impressive thing in the dialogues of Plato." Add to the dramatic element the allegorical, and we gain a correct view of Plato's treatment of human problems. Just as we lack authentic information as to the events of Plato's life to such an extent that, as the author declares, we are obliged to know him less as a man than as a piece of literature, so the dialogues are to be taken not as literal treatises in which an intellectual answer is given, but as spurs to the imagination. And just as John Bunyan had such characters as Great Heart and Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, so does Plato, and often with a touch of Socratic irony. Thus the old man Cephalus with his rather hard-boiled views stands for one who is literally hard-headed; and in the same way a foolish character like Hippothales is so named because calling a person a "scion of a horse" is a polite way of calling him an ass.

So much for the externals of the dialogues. Their human value lies not only in subtle verbal references, but in the way in which they are constructed. A Platonic dialogue—provided Socrates is the chief interlocutor—is really a monologue interrupted by heckling. Would that we had more such dialogues in America. No longer would the congressmen hold forth at length without interruption; no longer would we have those silly rhetorical questions which assail us on the radio, but we could meet the talkers face to face and tell them what we really think of their arguments. Unfortunately, life in America is not life in Athens twenty-three centuries ago. For then, as the situation is so brilliantly described,

> the Greeks of Plato's day, in their exchange of opinions, were speakers and listeners rather than writers and readers. . . . Men did not go to libraries to read. They went to dinner, to the marketplace, to the entrances of theaters, courts and places of assembly, to the covered walks in gardens and places of exercise, to listen and to talk. Young men got the rudiments of learning at home, but they got their education through friendly and intimate association with their elders in public places or by joining a group under the leadership of some man who had won distinction in one or more of the varied human callings.

The situation at Athens cannot, of course, be reproduced in its entirety, yet the spirit of free inquiry and the atmosphere of liberty of opinion can at least be injected into our colleges. Certain returns to the past have recently been attempted in systems in vogue at Swarthmore and Wisconsin, and more generally in the revival of the small college unit inside of the great university. This breaking up of mass education may be the first step towards letting in the atmosphere of liberty, and, in view of the reaction against what has happened recently at the University of Pittsburgh and at the University of Missouri, the Platonic liberty of philosophizing, and of holding opinions which may differ from those of the powers that be, may perhaps be coming again into existence. But this is only one side of the question, and Professor Woodbridge, with true Socratic fairness, presents the case of those who are afraid that too great liberty may mean license. Countless authors have been advocates of Socrates in his trial, but no one has put so well the case for the prosecution. Socrates was forced to drink

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the hemlock, but what can be said in behalf of those who force the modern reformer to swallow the bitter draught of repression? This much:

> People may actually wish to be improved in the sense of being helped to become better off in their social, economic or intellectual status where they may reap the fruits of a fuller life, but they do not like to be improved by a class of professional improvers who see in them, not fellow human beings subject to the common exigencies of existence, but beings to be made over before they can have any respectable status at all.

To bring out the fairness of Plato, to show that he inherited the true Socratic spirit, is the aim of this beautiful book and in this the title "The Son of Apollo" is vindicated, for, as the author concludes, it is well to remember that the divinity of Plato is the effect of his writings on posterity and not the cause of their production in ancient Athens.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

The Excursion to Tilsit, by Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Lewis Galantière. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

THESE short stories are very good reading. In his four Lithuanian folk tales, published under the title of the first, "The Excursion to Tilsit," Hermann Sudermann has brought his talent for telling a story dramatically and yet simply to bear on subjects that are really worthy of it. There is more substance here than in some of his previous novels and social dramas. His knowledge of the Lithuanian peasants is such that he does not present them in the most idealistic light. He knows their shrewdness, their lack of sensitiveness, their superstitions, but for him their vices are generally exaggerated forms of their virtues—which latter he prefers to emphasize. Thus they appear ambitious rather than greedy, matter-of-fact rather than sordid. The crimes which Mike Bumbullis and Erdma and Jons commit are usually from fundamentally good motives. The drunken ecstatic reconciliation of Ansas and Indra has warmth and color and a penetrating reality. And even as in Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil," the monotonous process of building a house and setting up a farm in "Jons and Erdma" affords a naïve sort of suspense. It is only when Sudermann's instinct for dramatic relief leads him to tack on an unwarranted happy ending, as in "The Hired Girl," that the situation appears forced.

J. R.

Contributors

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WOODBRIDGE RILEY, professor of Philosophy at Vassar College, is the author of "American Thought from Puritanism to Pragmatism." He is associate editor of the Italian philosophical journal, Logos.

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